U. S. Television Abroad: Big New Business, By John Tebbel

Saturday Review

JULY 14, 1962 / 25¢

THE ONE AGAINST THE MANY

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Ritchie Calder, author of "Common Sense About a Starving World." (See Books)

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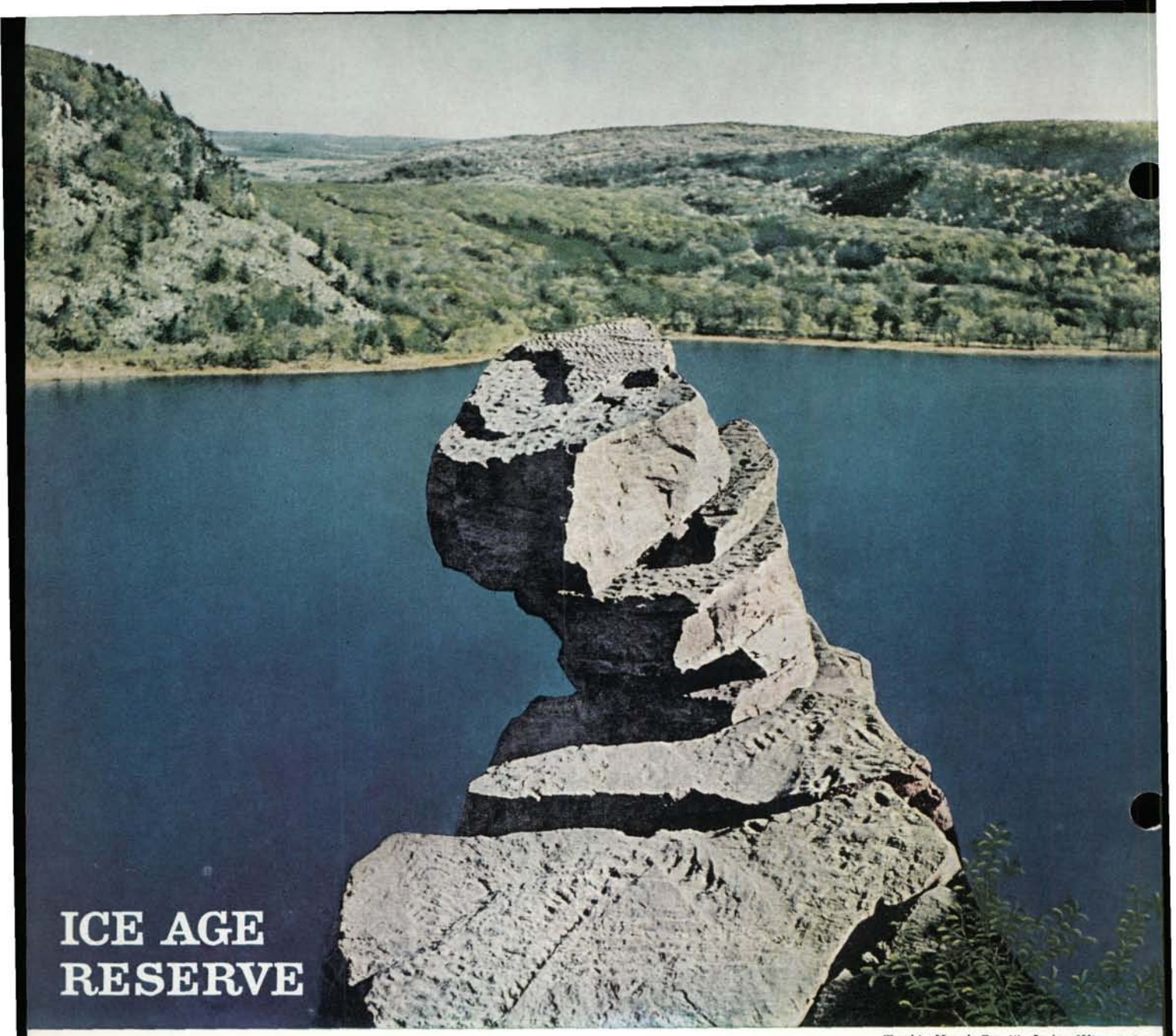

ICE AGE RESERVE

Turk's Head, Devil's Lake, Wisconsin

the geologic wonder bulldozed by four glaciers

We don't have winters like we used to have. In Wisconsin, *they once lasted twenty-thousand years,* and the ice piled up so thick it filled the Great Lakes when it melted.

Four times in the Pleistocene Epoch, this ice came down from Canada... glacial bulldozers that pushed, gouged, scoured, gnawed, scratched and polished the living rock... four frosty sculptors that carved some of America's finest scenery. You see it best in Wisconsin, where *kames* and *moraines* show where the glaciers rested for awhile, and where mysterious *drumlins* point northerly like iron filings to a magnet. At Devil's Lake (formed when the last glacier shoved the Wisconsin River from its course and dammed the gorge at both ends) *this Ice Age evidence is so unusual that scientists come to study it,* and so beautiful, vacationers come by thousands to appreciate it.

We now live in the "summer" of the last Ice Age. *"Winter" won't come again for thousands of years,* so we've plenty of time to enjoy our glacial legacy. But the Nature that made this scenic beauty needs Man's help to preserve it. Knowing this, and understanding our need for outdoor recreation, conservationists propose that several areas of this natural heritage be set aside as an Ice Age National Scientific Reserve... a dramatic wonder to give us enjoyment...and a geological "sample-box" to give us more knowledge of the land we love.

FREE TOUR INFORMATION: Let Sinclair help plan your trip to Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, or other scenic and historic areas in the U.S. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Sinclair
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A Sinclair public service message on America's need for more outdoor recreational opportunities

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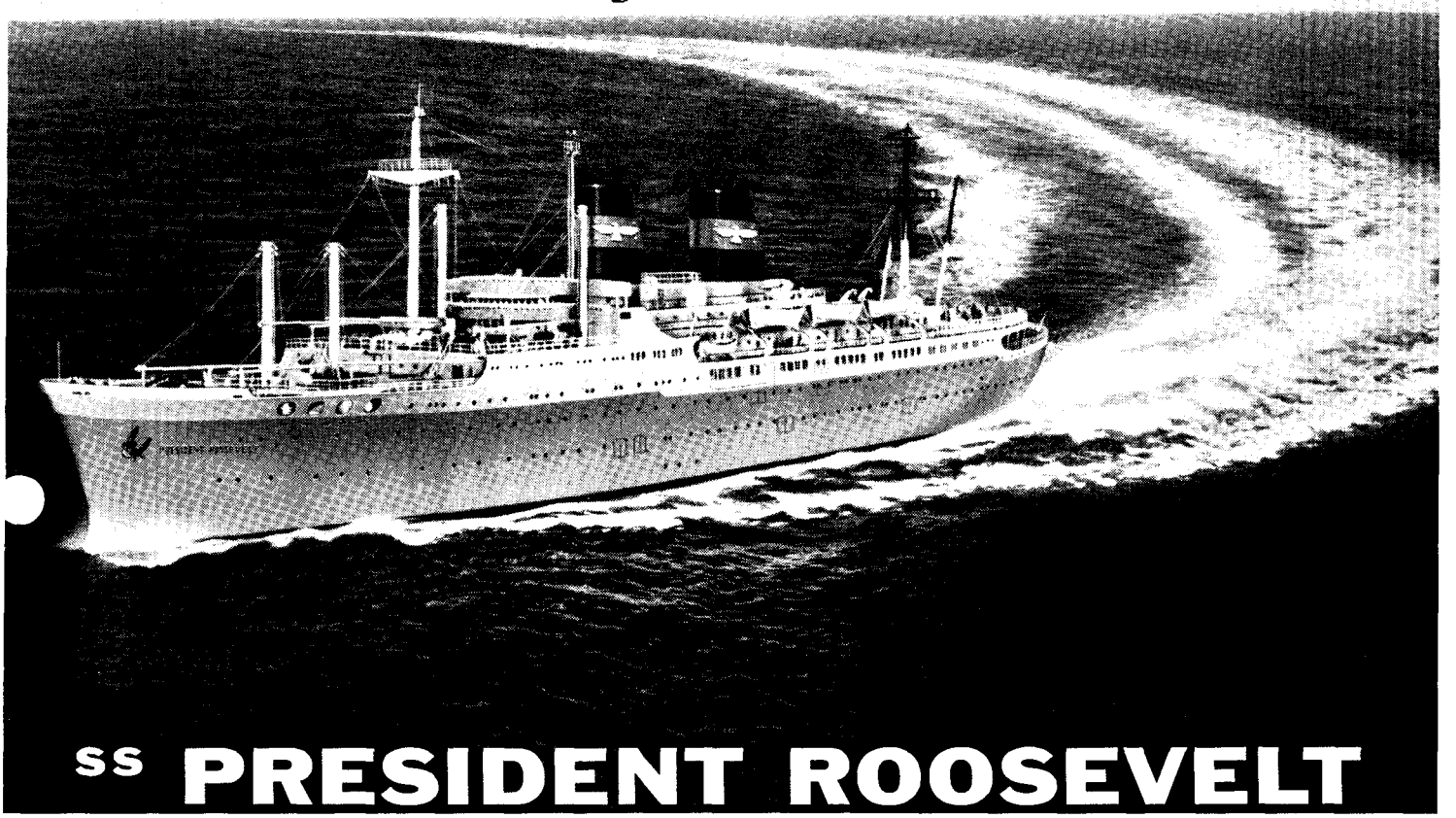
Big stir in the Pacific...



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Toshiko

■ Toshiko Saito has two sides to her engaging personality. Off-duty, she likes to wear pedal-pushers and sneakers and go bowling, the latest western sport to become popular in Japan. On-duty, she's charming in kimono as a hostess aboard a DC-8 Jet Courier of Japan Air Lines. In Toshiko, these two sides are as perfectly complementary as shoji screens inside your new JAL jet. She serves you with that grace every Japanese girl seems born with—is herself such a delightful part of the calm beauty of Japan, while you fly to the Orient at almost the speed of sound.

JAPAN AIR LINES

See your travel agent for jet reservations from San Francisco or Los Angeles, via Hawaii, to Japan and the Orient

Saturday Review

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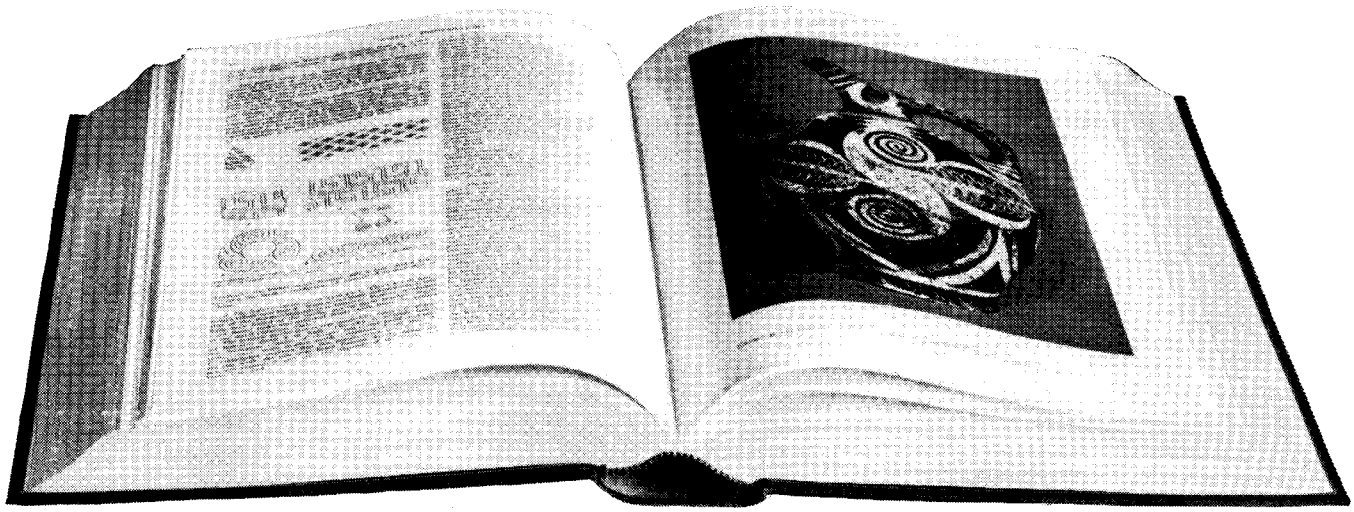

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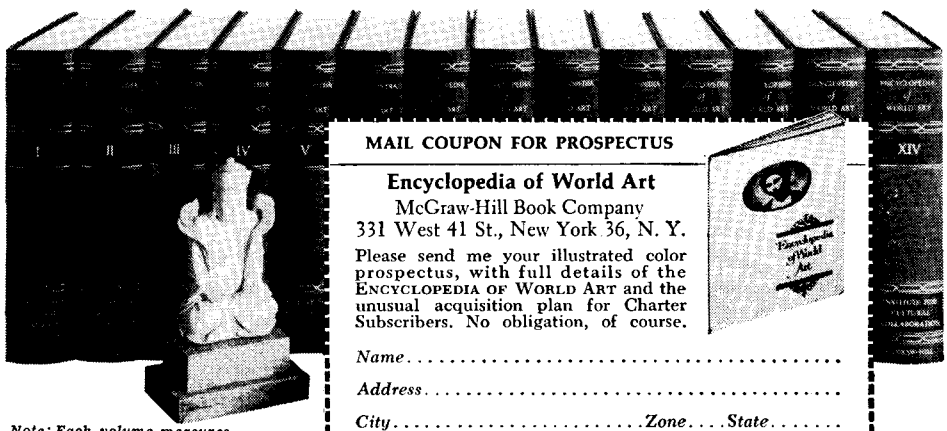

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Sweetness and Light

Edited by Martin Levin

CARPE CANEM OR WAS IT CAVE DIEM?

Non sequiturs
Ad nauseam
I suffer through
In toto.
(I once wrote down
An author's name
As Auturo Ignoto.)

Per se, ad hoc,
The status quo . . .
You simply cannot
Beat 'em,
For saying much with
Pithy punch, e.g. ad
Infinitum.

But heu mihi
Ipso facto
Mirabile oh
Dictu . . .
Methinks the tongue unlatinized
And clear is what I'll
Stick to.

—Sister Rose Alice, S. S. J.

• • •

A TOAST (6 FL. OZ.) TO THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

IF I AM to believe the Department of Agriculture, and I want to, I, Mr. Average American, ate 108 pounds of sugar and syrup last year. What could I have been thinking of?

Frankly I have no recollection of eating so much sugar and syrup. I must have got up in the middle of the night and popped a few cubes in my mouth without even waking up. For all I know I may have padded out to the kitchen and made Swedish pancakes in my sleep, and drenched them with syrup.

I can't imagine where we get all our sugar. We certainly don't buy it. I don't think we have bought over two pounds of sugar in the last eighteen years. As for syrup, we always seem to have some around, but where it comes from I am not prepared to say. We don't buy it, either. House guests may be the guilty party here. They are forever going off and leaving things. Perhaps some of ours went away and left their sugar and syrup, foolishly expecting that we would mail it on to them, at our expense!

I hear you saying, "He forgets about all the candy, and dessert, and so on," but I am not a candy man and I am not a dessert man. I am pretty much a meat and potatoes man. I had 286 pounds of meat and potatoes last year and lived to tell it. But that's not all I ate. If you were to sit down and add to that all my sugar and syrup, plus my 409 pounds of fruits and vegetables, my 414 pounds of milk and cheese, my 41 pounds of eggs, my 146 pounds of grain products, my 67 pounds of butter, fats, and oils, and my 17 pounds of coffee, tea, and cocoa, I would tell you to get up and go mind your own business.

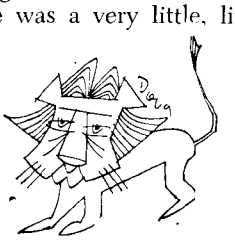
It is rude to count what people eat. The only reason the Department of Agriculture is permitted to do this is that the farmers have to know where they stand. They are too busy to weigh everything, so the government has to keep track. Don't ask me exactly how. They have ways. You can be clear off up in the mountains somewhere, on a picnic, and eat a quarter of a pound of cheese, ten or twelve potato chips, and a pickle or two, and the Department of Agriculture will know about it before noon the next day.

I'd like to propose a nice toast to every single man and woman employee, and every last snoop, spy, and informant associated in any way whatsoever with the Department of Agriculture. And to their mothers. And don't let me hear you say you've quit drinking because of weight worries. After your 1,488 pounds of food, what's one small, friendly drink going to do to you? —Hayes B. Jacobs.

• • •

GOODBYE, SCRATCHER BY J. D. ROTH

THE LITTLE boy was playing around the feet of the large cement lions that flanked the front steps of the Newark Library, where I worked. Something about him made me stop short. He was a very little, little boy, wearing a red baseball cap and Buddha eyes.



"Old lion," he said, looking at me.

"Yeah," I said. "Don't be scared." I said.

"I ain't scared. I'm jes loving this old lion."

"What's that you're doing there?"

"Cleaning off his feet. Leaves, garbage, and all gets in between the toes. Must be uncomfortable."

"That's sensitive," I said.

"Yes," he said.

"How did you get that way?"

"I don't know. All's I know is I didn't learn how. Nobody taught me, I mean."

"But what about your father? Your mother?"

"I don't listen to old folks. And you won't either, if you know what's good for you. They're old."

"All old folks? Or just some old folks?"

For the first time, the little boy looked straight at me. The sun seemed to bother those Buddha eyes. "What are you, anyhow? An intellectual?"

I gulped twice, hard. Then my tongue reflattened against my palate. "No! No! No!" I cried. "No!"

"Should hope not," he said, turning back to the lion. "Love you, old lion," he cooed, scratching its thigh, "no old intellectual, you. Love oo."

The word "love" had a warm, fleshy tone to it. Next to "love," "intellectual" sounded cold, hard, impotent. "Little boy," I cried, "I see now what I've been missing. Come inside—please—and tell me things. I'll corner every picture book in the library for you if you'll come."

"That wouldn't be fair to the other little children. Besides, what you need is an old lion, like I got."

"But how—"

"Look into your heart, that's all. Close your eyes and look—and don't listen to the old folks, like I said."

"But—but—I'm an intellectual. Remember?"

The little one's eyes moistened just a bit, near their edges. "Don't pay no 'tention to what I said back then. I didn't mean to hurt ya. You're more like me than you think. You'll find your old lion."

These sincere, innocent words calmed me all over. My mind stopped churning. I felt relaxed, sure of myself. "Yes—of course, of course. I *will* find that old lion, little boy. Yes, yes, one day I, too, will be a scratcher in the thighs."

The little boy nodded, then turned back to his lion. I decided to leave him there, scratching in peace. Satisfied, I climbed the steps. Inside, the dull, gray light of the library didn't bother me at all. It had changed to a pure rose amber. —Douglas Davis.

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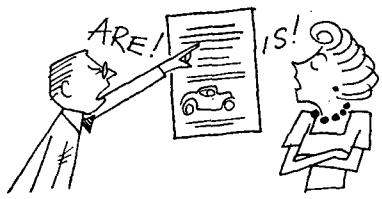
TRADE Winds

A BRAVE ENGLISH TEACHER named Ralph D. Jarvis of Hockessin, Delaware, has been having a battle with the advertising department of *Time* magazine over the copy in their Peugeot ads, which reads: "If you're one of the 2,000,000 people who is going to buy a compact car this year, why



not buy the one compact that's rated one of the 7 best made cars in the world?"

Mr. Jarvis told *Time* that the copy should read: "who *are* going to buy." Marie Grinnell, Advertising Editor, wrote him back that "there are two schools of thought concerning the grammatical construction you mention." *Time*'s position is that "who" refers to "one" and takes a singular verb.

The magazine has continued to run the ads unchanged, even after hearing from Mr. Jarvis, thus annoying him considerably. What's worse, in his estimation, is to be told "there are two schools of thought." That's the kind of thing that makes an English teacher mad.

"Maybe," he remarked when telling me of his frustrating correspondence with *Time*'s Ad Editor, "she's a graduate of a teachers' college, and just doesn't know how the language works."

BEFORE "The Prize" (Simon and Schuster), Irving Wallace had six books published—"The Chapman Report," for instance. In the trunk, however, are a few that never saw the light of day. They date back to the time years ago when he was just warming up. There are:

(1) A book written when Wallace was eighteen years old. He called it "My Adventure Trail." It was about his safari into the Honduran jungle with some other University of Wisconsin students looking for The Fountain of Blood. This was a waterfall that flowed red because of some peculiarity of the region. They found it, too, but it was the dry season, and the Fountain of Blood was merely dripping red.

(2) A biography of Daniel Defoe, written a year later.

(3) "Japan's Mein Kampf," as Wallace called the next one. He was in Japan in 1941, and interviewed an Admiral who in a rage blurted out, "We attack Pearl Harbor!" Wallace's book was based on the Tanaka blueprint for that attack and the rest of the Asian conquest. A publisher okayed the idea but didn't accept the

finished manuscript, even though the attack had taken place by that time.

(4) "Etcetera." This was done in the Army during World War II. It was a collection of essays by Irving Wallace.

(5) Just before Wallace was discharged, he wrote "With Their Pants Down," a collection of the parts of his interviews with celebrities that never got into print because of possible embarrassment.

None of these works was ever published, nor ever will be. After all, Irving Wallace doesn't want to get caught with *his* pants down.

ONE OF THE MOST AMUSING stories in Harold Mehling's book, "The Great Time-Killer" (World), about how terrible television is and why, quotes Producer Quinn Martin, who sent a lot of memos to his people about pepping up the shows with sex and violence. In one of them he complained about the repetition of scenes depicting murder by automobile: "I like the idea of sadism, but I hope we can come up with another approach to it."

ACCORDING TO the AMA *Journal*, the Rutgers Center of Alcoholic Studies has just finished a meticulous study of

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1475)

GENE FOWLER:

SKYLINE

Mishaps at last convinced me that, of the troubles that come to a man, he causes most of them himself. Fortunately, I never thought that mankind was against me. Men are not against you: They are merely *for themselves.*

NEW AND UNUSUAL

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cezanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Durer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September 1st.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed $1

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C. P. SNOW
replies to his critics

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drinking in novels. Dr. Harold Pfautz read thirty novels, half of them published at the turn of the century, 1900-04, and half of them from the period 1946-50. He found much more drinking in modern writing.

Back in 1900 there were four mentions of alcohol per 100 pages of text. In the modern period, the average rose to 5.9 per 100. Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees" came out during that time, which explains part of it. However, Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" really boosted the booze index: 8.9 references for each 100 pages.

On the other hand, in the 1900-04 span, Frank Norris was a good influence. "The Pit" contains not a single reference to alcohol.

A SMALL KINDERGARTEN in Jamaica, West Indies, staggers under the name of St. Cyprian's Preparatory School. Visiting recently on a rainy day, Harold E. Wheeler noted that the children were allowed to cut and paste pictures for amusement. One cut out pictures of ice cream, another of boats, etc.

But one student cut out only pictures of Khrushchev. When asked why, he said that the Soviet premier reminded him of Santa Claus.

"The school seems to encourage individualism," Mr. Wheeler observes. "One child was wearing a snorkel and mask."

SHARPS AND FLATS: Ed Fisher's funny, sexy Macmillan novel about Roman times, "Wine, Women and Woad," has been translated into Italian and retitled "Vino, Veneri & Senatori." Strangely enough, the translator cleaned up the Roman orgy scene. The rest of the book is a devastating satire on American politics. That part he left alone.

►"Bird Key," reads the literature about the little island off Florida, "is the nesting place of thousands of sooty terns every spring."

►James Wilson Poultney, Associate Professor of Classics, Johns Hopkins University, wrote the entire 1962 edition of the "Encyclopaedia Brittanica" from A to Z. That is, he wrote each of the twenty-six articles which appear in the Brittanica on the letters of the alphabet.

►Charles Thompson says that if the United Nations folds, it will no doubt be replaced by its rival organization, located at 10th Avenue and 14th Street in New York: The World Examining Corporation.

►Ted Kennedy greeted one of those "Freedom Riders in reverse" as the man arrived in Hyannis from Little Rock. "There is freedom here," Ted told him. "You can eat in any restaurant you like and live where you please." That shows how much Ted Kennedy knows about Cape Cod.

►During the trial against "Tropic of Cancer" in Los Angeles, Walter Richards heard the radio newscaster in Burbank report on the case one day: "At the trial of the local book smeller. . . ." But then he went ahead and spoiled it by correcting himself.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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Chess Corner—No. 73

IS THERE such a thing as luck in chess? "No," is the offhand, emphatic reply.

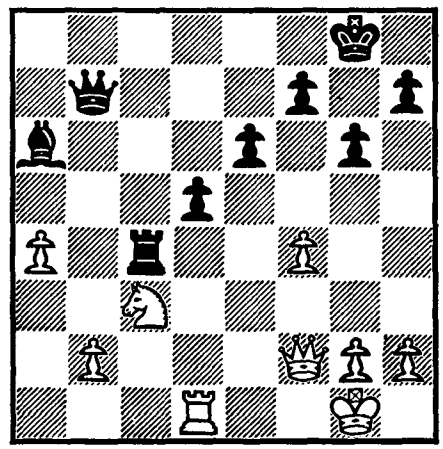
In expert tournament chess, however, luck plays its part, a minor one to be sure, yet sometimes of great import. The choice of color, for example, depends upon a toss. And it is conceded among the top echelon of chess players that White enjoys a minimal initiative.

More so is the luck of the strong! For unaccountable reasons a player often loses his head and makes absolutely inane, stupid moves only because of his adversary's reputation.

In the game depicted here, Bobby Fischer, winner of the great Stockholm Interzonal Tournament, plays against Aaron of India, who made the worst score in the event. Fischer finds no weaknesses in the "tailender's" armor. Then, suddenly, an unlucky blunder on the Indian's part finishes the game quickly.

KING'S INDIAN DEFENSE

	M. Aaron White	R. Fischer Black		M. Aaron White	R. Fischer Black
1	P-Q4	N-KB3	15	PxN	BxP
2	P-QB4	P-KN3	16	P-QR4	P-K3
3	N-QB3	B-N2	17	0-0	Q-R5
4	P-K4	P-Q3	18	N-K2	KR-B1
5	P-B3	0-0	19	B-K3	N-B5
6	B-K3	QN-Q2	20	BxN	QxB
7	Q-Q2	P-B4	21	KR-B1	Q-R3
8	KN-K2	P-QR3	22	RxRch	RxR
9	N-N3	PxP	23	N-B3	B-B5
10	BxP	N-K4	24	P-B4	P-Q4
11	B-K2	B-K3	25	B-Q4	BxB
12	N-Q5	P-QN4	26	QxB	Q-N2
13	PxP	PxP	27	Q-B2	B-R3
14	BxP	NxN	28	R-Q1	R-B5



The simplest here is 29 P-KN3, and there is no clear way for Black to penetrate the position. Instead . . .

29 R-Q2?? RxN!

Resigns

For if Black's Rook is captured, White gets mated. —AL HOROWITZ.

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THE ONE AGAINST THE MANY

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., *Special Assistant to the President. In New Delhi, earlier this year, Mr. Schlesinger addressed the Indian Council of World Affairs on the subject of parallels between the Indian and American experiences. This article grew out of that speech.*

ONE IS often reminded in India that the United States was the first country to win national independence from European colonialism. It was also the first of the ex-colonial countries to confront the challenge of social and economic development. In both these matters—the conquest of independence and the conquest of social and economic growth—the experience of the United States and the experience of India have obvious affinities.

Every country, of course, has its distinctive development problems and must solve them according to its own traditions, capacities, and values. The American experience was unique in a number of ways. The country was blessed by notable advantages—above all, by the fact that population was scarce in relation to available resources. Despite differences among nations, however, there may still be utility in assessing diverse development experiences.

In the American case the favorable ratio between population and resources was obviously not the only factor in American development. Had that been so, the red Indians, for whom the ratio was even more favorable, would have developed the country long before the first settlers arrived from over the seas. What mattered equally was the spirit in which these settlers approached the economic and social challenges offered by the environment. Several elements seem to me fundamental to the philosophy which facilitated the rapid social and economic development of the American continent.

One factor was the deep faith in education. The belief that investment in people is the most essential way for a society to devote its resources existed from the earliest days of the American colonies. It arose originally from a philosophical rather than an economic commitment—from a faith in the dignity of man and from the resulting belief that it is the responsibility of society to offer man the opportunity to develop his highest potentialities. But, at the same time, it also helped produce the conditions essential to successful modernization.

Modern industrial society must be above all a literate society. Economic historians attribute two-thirds of the growth in American output over the centuries of American development to increases in productivity. And increases in productivity, of course, come directly from the size of the national investment in education and in research. Ambassador Galbraith rightly said recently that "a dollar or a rupee invested in the intellectual improvement of human beings will regularly bring a greater increase in national income than a dollar or a rupee devoted to railways, dams, machine tools, or other tangible capital goods." These words accurately describe the American national experience.

Another factor in the process of American development has been the commitment to self-government and representative institutions. We have found no better way than democracy to develop man's talents and release his energies. A related factor has been the conviction of the importance of personal freedom and personal initiative—the feeling that the individual is the source of creativity. Another has been the understanding of the role of cooperative activity, public as well as voluntary.

But fundamental to all of these, and perhaps the single most important explanation of the comparative speed of American development, has been the national rejection of dogmatic preconceptions about the nature of the social and economic order. America has had the good fortune not to be an ideological society.

By ideology I mean a body of systematic and rigid dogma by which people seek to understand the world—and to preserve or transform it. The conflict between ideology and empiricism has, of course, been old in human history. In the record of this conflict, ideology has attracted some of the strongest intelligences mankind has produced—those whom Sir Isaiah Berlin, reviving the gnomic saying of Archilochus, termed the "hedgehogs,"

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who know one big thing, as against the "foxes," who know many small things.

Nor would I suggest that Americans have been consistently immune to the ideological temptation—to the temptation, that is, to define national goals in an ordered, comprehensive, and permanent way. After all, the intellectual origins of my nation were saturated with one of the noblest and most formidable ideologies ever devised, Calvinist theology, and any nation so conditioned is bound to have a certain vulnerability to ideology ever after. There have been hedgehogs throughout American history who have attempted to endow America with an all-inclusive creed, to translate Americanism into a set of binding propositions, and to construe the national tradition in terms of one or another ultimate, ranging from Natural Law to the Class Struggle.

YET most of the time Americans have foxily mistrusted abstract rationalism and rigid *a priori* doctrine. Our national faith has been not in propositions but in processes. In its finest hours, the United States has, so to speak, risen above ideology. It has not permitted dogma to falsify reality, imprison experience, or narrow the spectrum of choice. This skepticism about ideology has been a primary source of the social inventiveness which has marked so much of our development. The most vital American social thought has been empirical, practical, pragmatic. America, in consequence, has been at its most characteristic a nation of innovation and experiment.

Pragmatism is no more wholly devoid of abstractions than ideology is wholly devoid of experience. The dividing line comes when abstractions and experience collide and one must give way to the other. At this point the pragmatist rejects abstractions and the ideologist rejects experience. The early history of my own country illustrates the difference. The American Revolution was a pragmatic effort conducted in terms of certain general values. We fought for independence in terms of British ideals of civil freedom and representative government; we rebelled against British rule essentially for British reasons. The ideals of our independence found expression in the classical documents which accompanied the birth of our nation: the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution and Bill of Rights.

But it is important here to insist on the distinction between ideals and ideology. Ideals refer to the long-run goals of a nation and the spirit in which these goals are pursued. Ideology is something different, more systematic, more detailed, more comprehensive, more dogmatic. The case of one of the Founding Fathers, Thomas Jefferson, emphasizes the distinction. Jefferson was both an expounder of ideals and of ideology. As an expounder of ideals, he remains a vivid and fertile figure—alive, not only for Americans but, I believe, for all those interested in human dignity and human liberty. As an ideologist, however, Jefferson is today remote and irrelevant—a figure not of present concern but of historical curiosity. As an ideologist, he believed, for example, that agriculture was the only basis of a good society; that the small freehold system was the only foundation for freedom; that the honest and virtuous cultivator was the only reliable citizen for a democratic state; that an economy based on agriculture was self-regulating and, therefore, required a minimum of government; that that government was best which governed least; and that the great enemies of a free state were, on the one hand, urbanization, industry, banking, a landless working class, and all the other things which we know as characteristic of the modernization process, and, on the other, a strong national government with power to give direction to national development. This was Jefferson's ideology, and, had the United States responded to it, we would be today a feeble and impotent nation. By responding to Jefferson's ideals rather than to his ideology, the United States has become a strong modern state, dedicated at its best to universal purposes of dignity and freedom.

Fortunately, Jefferson himself preferred his ideals to his ideology. In case of conflict he chose what helped people rather than what conformed to principle. Indeed, the whole ideological enterprise contradicted Jefferson's temper, which was basically flexible and experimental. The true Jefferson is not the ideological Jefferson but the Jefferson who said that one generation could not commit the next to its view of public policy or human destiny.

What is wrong with faith in ideology? The trouble is this. An ideology is not a picture of actuality; it is a model derived from actuality, a model designed to isolate certain salient features of actuality which the model builder, the ideologist, regards as of crucial importance. An ideology, in other words, is an abstraction from reality. There is nothing wrong with abstractions or models *per se*. In fact, we could not conduct discourse without them. There is nothing wrong with them—so long, that is, as people remember they are only models. The ideological fallacy is to forget that ideology is an abstraction from reality and to regard it as reality itself.

Ideologists are unconscious platonists for whom reality inheres in a realm of essences of which the common-sense objects of everyday experience are held to be only imperfect copies. The ideologist rejects the empirical reality of the everyday human world in favor of this world of abstractions. In doing so, he commits what Whitehead called the fallacy of misplaced concreteness—i.e., the fallacy involved in deriving an abstract system from concrete reality and then in investing this system with concreteness and mistaking it for the reality from which it has been derived. The besetting sin of the ideologist, in short, is to confuse his own tidy models with the vast, turbulent, unpredictable, and untidy reality which is the stuff of human experience. And this confusion has at least two bad results—it commits those who believe in ideology to a fatalistic view of history, and it misleads them about the concrete choices of public policy.

Consider for a moment the ideologist's view of history. The ideologist contends that the mysteries of history can be understood in terms of a clear-cut, absolute, central creed which explains the past and forecasts the future. Ideology thus presupposes a closed universe whose history is determined, whose principles are fixed, whose values and objectives are deducible from a central body of dogma, and often whose central dogma is confided to the custody of an infallible priesthood. In the old philosophic debates between the one and the many, the ideologist stands with the one. It is his belief that the world as a whole can be understood from a single viewpoint, that everything in the abundant and streaming life of man is reducible to a single abstract system of interpretation.

THE American liberal tradition has found this view of human history repugnant and false. This tradition sees the world as many, not as one. These empirical instincts of American liberalism, the preference for fact over logic, for deed over dogma, have found their most brilliant expression in the writings of William James and in the approach to philosophical problems which James variously called "pragmatism" or "radical empiricism." Against the belief in the all-encompassing power of a single explanation, against the commitment to the absolutism of ideology, against the notion that all answers to political and social problems can be found in the back of some sacred book, against the deterministic interpretation of history, against the closed universe, James stood for what he called the unfinished universe—a universe marked by growth, variety,

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ambiguity, mystery, and contingency—a universe where free men may find partial truths, but where no one will ever get an absolute grip on Absolute Truth, a universe where progress depends not on capitulation to a single, all-consuming body of doctrine, but on the uncoerced intercourse of unconstrained minds.

Thus ideology and pragmatism differ radically in their views of history. They differ just as radically in their approach to issues of public policy. The ideologist, by mistaking models for reality, always misleads as to the possibilities and consequences of public decision. The history of the twentieth century is a record of the manifold ways in which humanity has been betrayed by ideology.

LET US take an example from recent history. Thirty years ago, most of the world was plunged in depression. Two ideologies then dominated political and economic thought—the ideology of laissez-faire capitalism and the ideology of Marxist communism. Though these two ideologies disagreed on everything else, there was one thing on which they found themselves in complete agreement. Both the dogmatists of the right and the dogmatists of the left shared the faith that nations and peoples borne down by depression faced an either/or choice. They had to choose either laissez-faire capitalism or Marxist communism. Right and left further agreed that the one impossible route was the middle way between classical capitalism and classical Marxism. The absolutists, whether of capitalism or of communism, vied with each other in condemning as illogical and doomed the theory that government might have enough power to stabilize the economy without having so much power as to destroy liberty.

Fortunately for mankind, the absolutists reckoned without two men, who as supreme pragmatists, contemptuous of ideology, skeptical about the infallibility of any system of ideas or any party of men, confident of the inventiveness and resourcefulness of freedom, rejected the ideological defeatism that would sacrifice mankind on the altar of either/or propositions. These men were, of course, Franklin D. Roosevelt and John Maynard Keynes. Together, Roosevelt and Keynes did what the theologians of both right and left had said was impossible. They vindicated the middle way; they created the mixed society; they showed that it was possible to give the state sufficient power to bring about social security and economic growth without thereby giving it the power to abolish political and civil freedom. Far from being illogical and doomed, the society which combines personal liberty and social control clearly offers the solidest foundation for progress in the future.

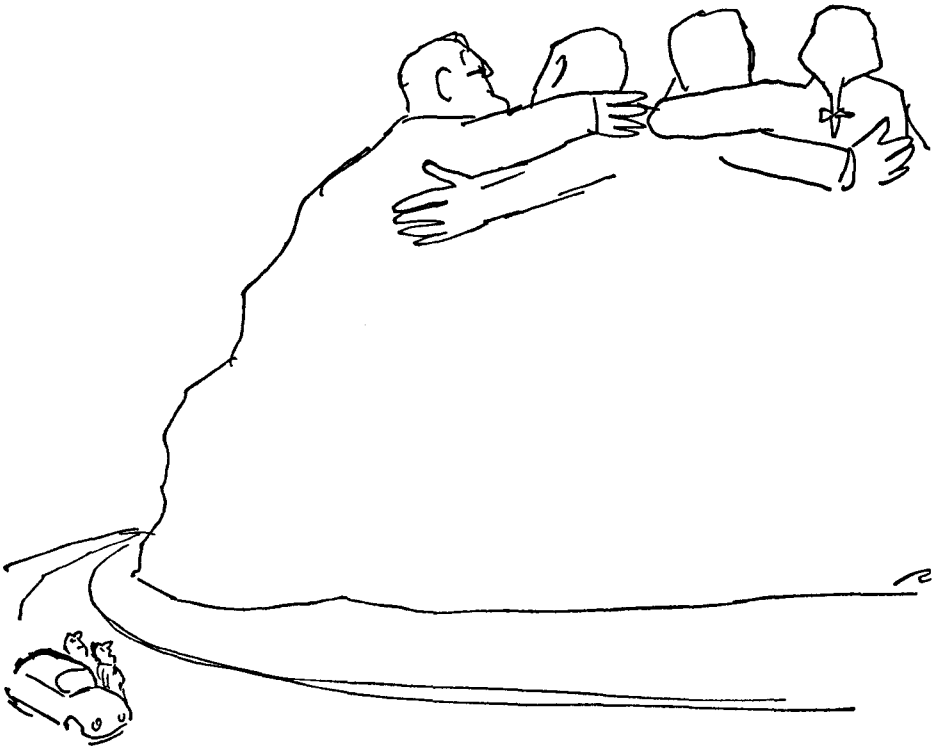
In the light of this development classical capitalism and classical socialism are revealed as nineteenth-century doctrines, left behind by the onward rush of science and technology. We have moved beyond these obsolete ideologies toward a far more subtle and flexible social strategy. It is evident now, for example, that the choice between private and public means, that choice which has obsessed so much recent political and economic discussion in underdeveloped countries, is not a matter of religious principle. It is not a moral issue to be decided on absolutist grounds, either by those on the right who regard the use of public means as wicked and sinful, or by those on the left who regard the use of private means as wicked and sinful. It is simply a practical question as to which means can best achieve the desired end. It is a problem to be answered not by theology but by experience and experiment. Indeed, I would suggest that we might well banish the words "capitalism" and "socialism" from intellectual discourse. These words no longer have clear meanings. They are sources of heat, not of light. They belong to the vocabulary of demagoguery, not to the vocabulary of analysis.

So, with the invention of the mixed society, pragmatism triumphed over absolutism in the economic crisis of the Thirties. As a consequence, the world came out of the depression with the knowledge that the mixed economy offered the instrumentalities through which one could unite economic planning with individual freedom. But ideology is a drug; no matter how much it is exposed by experience, the craving for it still persists. That craving will, no doubt, always persist, so long as there is human hunger for an all-embracing, all-explanatory system, so long indeed as political philosophy is shaped by the compulsion to return to the womb.

The oldest philosophical problem, we have noted, is the relationship between the one and the many. Surely the basic conflict of our times, the world civil war of our own day, is precisely the conflict between those who would reduce the world to one and those who see the world as many—between those who believe that the world is evolving in a single direction, along a single predestined path, toward a single predestined conclusion, and those who think that humanity in the future, as in the past, will continue to evolve in diverse directions, toward diverse conclusions, according to the diverse traditions, values, and purposes of diverse peoples. It is a choice, in short, between dogmatism and pragmatism; between the theological society and the experimental society; between ideology and democracy.

This world civil war will come to

(*Continued on page* 54)



"I never knew Mt. Rushmore had a back."

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Saturday Review

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Anarchy or a Monument to Cooperation?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial was written by the Executive Director of the American Association for the United Nations, who has just returned from the Congo.*

EXACTLY two years ago on July 14, at 3:22 A.M., the Security Council of the United Nations, in response to the frantic request of the Congolese government, voted to send United Nations troops to the Congo. Tired delegates responded to Dag Hammarskjold's appeal that the peace of the world depended upon immediate action. Not only was there danger of complete chaos in the Congo; it was feared and with good reason that Communist powers were ready to move in. Such a maneuver would force a response from the United States and other Western nations. The result might well be a third world war.

The United Nations acted. Then began a series of steps which were to involve thousands of men, loss of U.N. personnel, the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, scenes of bitterness in the General Assembly, and finally the martyrdom of Dag Hammarskjold himself.

The U.N. had to improvise and to revise its tactics as it went along. It did not have enough forces to gain complete mastery of the situation at once. Gradually, however, violence subsided and the threatened secession of a number of provinces was materially abated. The turning point came when the United Nations was able to give safe conduct to a majority of the members of the Congolese Parliament to meet under its protection in Louvanium University. A legally constituted government resulted, and Cyrille Adoula was elected Premier.

The staff of the United Nations in the Congo takes two distinct forms. Harlan Cleveland has called one the peace-keeping force and the other the nation-building operation. The former consists of about 18,000 troops gathered from eighteen countries—none from the great powers and the majority from the states of Asia and Africa. The paid propagandists of Tshombe, seizing upon some isolated incidents of violence, have attempted to malign these U.N. troops. But all who have had contact with them testify that they have been disciplined and at times patient almost beyond endurance. They are the forerunners of a true United Nations force.

The other staff in the Congo represents the efforts of the United Nations and its specialized agencies to alleviate hunger and disease and to establish eventually a viable economy and an educational system. I talked with an internationally famous economist who has been on important missions throughout the world. He was so inspired by what the U.N. was doing in the Congo that he was willing to stay in the area long beyond his normal term of service. He is typical of many of the 450 civilian technicians engaged in this reconstruction effort.

Directing the United Nations operation in the Congo is Mr. Robert K. A. Gardiner, a native of Ghana. A Greek scholar and an Oxford graduate, he impresses one by his breadth of vision and his understanding of the problems the U.N. faces. Serving with him are executives of different nationalities whose story of dedication and heroism will some day be written.

The U.N. has a long road ahead of it before it can withdraw its military and technical forces from the Congo. One major step must be taken immediately: the reintegration of Katanga into the Central Government's territory.

Protracted negotiations since last December have taken place between Tshombe and Adoula. On June 26, Tshombe again returned to Elisabethville, boasting that he had signed nothing. Now if Tshombe stalls negotiations indefinitely, Adoula's position will be greatly weakened. The flames of secession which have subsided in other provinces will be rekindled. The Communists, who have been quiescent in the Congo since Gizenga's arrest, might attempt to find another champion.

It is imperative that the members of the United Nations make it very clear to Tshombe that they expect the Kitona agreement to be implemented fully. Much of the responsibility for reinforcing the U.N.'s determination must come from the United Kingdom, Belgium, and the United States.

PART of this responsibility is aiding the U.N. to finance the Congo operation. If the members of the U.S. Congress wish to avoid anarchy in the Congo and prevent the return of Communist influence in that land, they could help by the immediate passage of the authority of the President to purchase $100 million worth of U.N. bonds, to be paid back over a period of twenty-five years. Walter Lippmann has called the U.N. program in the Congo the world's most sophisticated example of international cooperation. Assuming the gradual but eventual success of this program, the results not only for the Congo but for the whole world could be salutary indeed. The United Nations will have developed the foundation of a U.N. force. It will have learned how to police troubled areas, using the troops of many countries. It will have developed, through itself and the specialized agencies, both a trained staff and the methods for building up the economy of a large area that has suddenly become independent. Much that it has learned will be of help in many parts of Africa and elsewhere in the world. The world will have built a lasting monument to Hammarskjold's memory in a more mature and strengthened United Nations.

—CLARK EICHELBERGER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HOPE AND RESPONSIBILITY

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING the editorial "A Community of Hope and Responsibility" [*SR*, June 16]. I agree with the opinions completely, but it has taken many years for me to be able to do so. I was brought up to have the greatest respect for the individual, to believe that each man is of supreme importance. But that belief was an end in itself, it did not go beyond to social responsibility, to the functioning of the individual in society. It was enough that I had rights, privileges, freedom. I never felt any responsibility to deserve these or to propagate them. I think I believed that the United States was created just so that I and others like me could live in freedom without doing anything to help keep that freedom.

In the last two or three years I have come to doubt that I deserve anything if I don't work to keep our system alive. My "great awakening" came when I worked in the recent primary campaign in Philadelphia. Every person who worked counted. Without me the party I worked for would have polled fewer votes. Multiply me by 100 or 1,000 and a party has victory or defeat.

It is pleasant to sit back and enjoy being a free individual, but how much greater it is to enjoy it after having worked to deserve it. No man can stand alone, and when one reaches this awareness he is on his way to deserving the good life we enjoy in this country and to making it better for himself and for future generations.

CYNTHIA ENGMAN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

LET ME COMMEND the editorial in which you put forth your aesthetic dissent and your propositions regarding "A Community of Hope and Responsibility." Our own conformity to the party line in art, literature, and the theatre sometimes paralyzes our courage to demur. Your thoughts in this same editorial on the ideology of freedom will, I trust, be considered seriously by every concerned individual in the country.

WILLIAM PICKERING.

Los Angeles, Calif.

HEREWITH A SMALL TUT from a usually satisfied customer. While reading your editorial "A Community of Hope and Responsibility," I was brought up short by your use of "La Dolce Vita" as an example of the kind of standards you were deploring.

How could you so thoroughly miss the point of the film as your remarks would indicate? Because the moral is implicit rather than explicit does not diminish its message in the least—and this message was most assuredly that a life which is pointless and without consequence is destructive of all that is noble and aspiring in the human spirit—no matter how soft and "sweet" the material trappings.

NANCY CATALANO.

Woodland Hills, Calif.

A MASTERPIECE in simplicity and profundity! If every young person, and not-so-young persons, in our American colleges and universities could have a copy of the American ideology as expressed in this editorial, the publication investment could bring immeasurable results.

MARY ELLEN ANDERSON,
Director of Admissions,
Westhampton College,
University of Richmond.

Richmond, Va.

POLLING HAZARDS

FOR THE OBVIOUS REASON that many laymen do not understand the sampling principle when it is applied to public opinion polling, Stuart Chase in "What Americans Believe" [*SR*, June 16] has emphasized its necessity and its accuracy. He also touches briefly on the hazards in this "young science" of using abstract terms or of asking people questions about matters of which they are ignorant.

One should add to this list of difficulties the danger of making generalized interpretations from responses to a few, unrelated questions. As an instance, such interpretations from single-question responses continue to give the U.S. Information Agency a cloudy picture of what the rest of the world thinks about us.

GWYNN NETTLER.

Reno, Nev.

IN HIS "What Americans Believe," Stuart Chase attributes to Elmo Roper a suggestion that the government organize an opinion polling agency "as far removed from politics as the Supreme Court." Or, as Dorothy Parker would have more happily phrased it, as far removed from politics as A is from B.

J. LUNDIE SMITH.

Valdosta, Ga.

INFORMATION TO AND FROM

I READ with great interest your editorial "A Market for Wisdom" [*SR*, June 23], which described Dr. Leo Szilard's efforts to organize a peace lobby in Washington. Would you be kind enough to let me know how I can get more information about his movement and how I can participate in it.

MARIE BURTON.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Szilard has described his plan for a peace lobby in a speech which he recently delivered at nine colleges and universities throughout the country. The speech was subsequently published in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists, 935 East 60th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois. Single copies of a reprint of the speech may be secured from the Bulletin free of charge; 25 or more, 7 cents each; 100 or more, 4 cents each.*

THE "WAG" who made the remark about Washington, D.C., with which Hallowell Bowser opened his editorial "A Market for Wisdom," was none other than Fanny

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/ell Holmes, wife of Supreme Court ustice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The remark, made to President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House at a party on January 8, 1903, and recorded by Owen Wister, is quoted in Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus," page 362, in a slightly different version: "Washington is full of famous men and the women they married when they were young."

E. P. Humphrey, Jr.

San Francisco, Calif.

WRITING AND EDUCATION

Mr. Cowley is an eminent critic and his words on what makes a writer must be respected. But, in "The Unsettled Literary Future of the U.S." [*SR*, June 9], he admittedly draws on hearsay for his conclusions about the education of future writers and the general state of teaching reading and writing, and he seems to have little conception of what the schools and colleges are actually trying to accomplish.

American schools are not, and never have been especially friendly "to the development of literary talent." That is not what they are for. Their modest aim—too often unrealized—is to give the vast mass of our citizens, few of whom have or will ever have occasion to use literary talent, a reasonable working command of their language.

They are trying to do this in a time when fewer and fewer people regard writing as a primary method of expression and communication. Barely half of the Communications Section in the same *SR* that carried Mr. Cowley's article dealt even remotely with the written word. And "The Criteria of a Good Newspaper," in one solid page of type, merely noted that "good writing must be combined with an effective typographical display of copy and pictures."

Writers are not made by their schooling; I am tempted to say they develop despite it, and have always done so. Talent will turn to books and paper and pencils and typewriters if they are available at all, just as a vine will stretch out across space to the only available support. The Hemingways and the Faulkners merely build on what is useful to them in their schooling, as the boy in the next seat may build on what is useful to him to become the nonwriting president of General Motors.

I have just finished a year's teaching of freshman English to eighty college students—after being away from college teaching (in "communications") for nearly forty years. I would ask Mr. Cowley to believe that those freshmen wrote better and more, and read better and more than their parents did; and they were, in the main, the first of their families to go to college. What is more if an aging memory does not deceive me, they also read and wrote better than the average freshman at either Penn or Penn State forty years ago.

Laurence B. Johnson.

Pitman, N.J.

BOOK BANNERS

I have just read, with mounting anger, John Ciardi's column [*SR*, June 23] about book banners and the totally unfair and frequently impossible financial situation in which authors, publishers, and booksellers find themselves when they attempt to defend themselves in each and every court in the land wherein publicity-seeking public officials might bring an action.

I agree that we need, and must have quickly, new laws expressing some new and sound concepts with regard to censorship. But we are not apt to get them so long as we only deplore the deplorable. I believe we must come to grips with these insidious and infectious forces which constantly threaten the livelihood and the basic rights of each author, publisher, and bookseller.

As a professional author, I have a suggestion to make. Let authors, publishers, and booksellers agree to set aside a small percentage of their earnings on each book to go into an Authors and Publishers Constitutional Rights Fund. Let this fund be used to fight the legal battles in any and all cases where this horrible American ill shows itself. I am sure it would take but a tiny bit from each of us to provide a fund to let us employ the finest possible legal talent, to be ready and able to defend anywhere in the United States those precious rights guaranteed us under the Constitution.

Malden Grange Bishop.

Three Rivers, Calif.

The article by John Ciardi, "The Book Banners," was full of common sense and adult reasonableness. However, I do not agree with him that "we need new legal procedures for censorship cases, or new legislation, or both." I just don't agree with public censorship at all. Public censorship is a two-edged sword, as we have seen under Nazi and Communist dictatorships. It is only a means to brainwashing of the public, as those who advocate it may find out soon enough in America.

I subscribe to private censorship, not public. No bureaucrat shall ever determine, for me, what I shall see or read, law or no law. I do not go to movies totally condemned by the Legion of Decency, for the reason that once I did go to such a movie and was bored to the point of having the best two hours' nap I had ever had in my life. For the same reason I do not go to movies approved for "family patronage." Life is too short to be bored into fast slumber in the middle of the evening. I read "Tropic of Cancer" with yawns, and "Hecate County" with the same reaction. These are supposed to be very lewd books, indeed, and there is an outcry against them. I am sure that most adults of any sophistication will find them a source of vast ennui. As for The Children: I understand they aren't teaching them to read and write in the schools any longer, and those who have the intelligence to read at all, and they are very few, are not interested in obscene literature, or, if they read it, they are not disturbed by it. They are too bright.

I know a youth of fifteen quite well, who when caught in a minor crime whined to authorities: "I did it because I was reading some of that stuff in comic magazines." I know full well that he had never read such magazines in his life, and told him so. He winked at me and said with a cynical smile, "But that gets the police and social workers every time!"

Adults don't need censorship. The children don't read. Then, why any censorship at all?

Taylor Caldwell.

Buffalo, N. Y.

WAXING OR WANING?

The review by Miss Margaret Patron [*SR*, May 26], makes very interesting reading. She is so right in saying that Mahatma Gandhi wasn't assassinated by a neurotic youth but by a religious intellectual. However, I totally disagree with her comment that such forces might cause the downfall of India, as this is not the case.

We have our share of religious intellectuals just like any other theist nation in the world, but they constitute a passing, temporary part of India's body politic. Taking a close look at India today, one can see that the progressive political trends are far overtaking the traditional.

Debabrata Ghosh.

College Station, Tex.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

Congratulations on your "Great Sculpture" [*SR*, June 23]. Sculpture as stepchild of the arts seems to have profited by neglect. Profited also, perhaps, by the stern discipline of materials and techniques that leave little room for ballyhoo.

Norman Poirier.

Cleveland Heights, O.

Under the presumptuous title of "Great Sculpture," I was astonished to observe a gross collection of distorted objects masquerading as art!

Of course, it is quite all right for Mr. Hirshhorn to enjoy what he likes, but I hardly believe that the average American derives any benefit or pleasure from distorted mutilation of the human body.

Robert H. Rockwell.

Exmore, Va.

Bravo to Katherine Kuh for the stimulating article about the vast Hirshhorn sculpture collection! I hope Miss Kuh will be encouraged to report on other private art collections.

Arthur A. Brin.

Long Island, N.Y.

WHICH SUFFIX?

While Peter Ritner's review of Braithwaite's new book, "A Kind of Homecoming" [*SR*, June 16] was interesting and informative, there was a jarring note.

A native of British Guiana is a Guianese *not* a Guianan.

Arthur E. Sutton.

Monterey Park, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"You Have a Friend at Shylock's"

THE INAUGURAL New York Shakespeare Festival presentation in the new 2,300-seat Delacorte Theatre in Central Park was auspicious in many ways.

The Festival's new outdoor amphitheatre has been designed by Eldon Elder and the Park Department to meet the needs of a company whose style and approach has evolved through trial and error over a valiant seven-year period of performing on a low budget under makeshift conditions for audiences unfamiliar with professional theatre. It is not too different from the temporary theatre that the Festival used on the same site (Belvedere Lake) two seasons ago. The main improvements appear to have been the construction of a more steeply pitched auditorium that partially surrounds an open stage, the erection of permanent lighting towers and comfortable control booths for operators who used to work under conditions comparable to those faced by polar expeditions, and a loud-speaker system which is less objectionable than most, partly because of its intelligent planning, and partly because its operator can hear and control it. The stage itself contains tracks to permit the sliding off and on of the rear facade; a trap door at the back, through which scenery can be raised on poles to duplicate the effect in indoor theatres of lowering a backdrop; and a number of circular sockets in the stage floor into which poles can be firmly screwed. And, of course, the stage itself is sown with the familiar tank-trap posts that contain the concealed microphones.

Against Ming Cho Lee's stylish and graceful setting of ancient Venetian blinds in natural wood, the presentation of **"The Merchant of Venice"** flows smoothly. Like most of the New York Shakespeare Festival attractions, it seems to make little attempt to provide insights into Shakespeare's ambiguities, and it refuses to trade on the glories of his verse. It performs the play as a realistic, crowd-pleasing melodrama spiced with slapstick.

The Festival's own George C. Scott, whose opening-night performance of Shylock drew some minority dissent as being too mannered, displayed on the second night a nicely controlled mixture of passion and economical directness. He played the role neither as the miserable victim of a discriminatory society, nor as a stock villain.

While, as perhaps is the case in real life, we do not quite see the point where the man made his catastrophically wrong decision, we do see a number of places where Shylock permitted his not entirely unjustified hatred of Antonio to affect his better judgment. However, he makes it fairly clear that under the conditions that prevailed in his society. Shylock had a right to try to improve the conditions of his money-lending profession by eliminating a man like Antonio who lent money without interest, thereby lowering the rate. But the exciting thing about Mr. Scott's performance is its rapidly thought-through deliveries, always fresh and jumping, and his willingness to serve up the grotesque and despicable parts of Shylock when it serves the purpose of the scene.

The cast around him is less fortuitous. Albert Quinton's slow-speaking Antonio may be an attempt to show us why Shylock dislikes him, but it becomes tiresome over the course of the play. Lee Richardson and Ben Hayes as Bassanio and Gratiano bring out only a portion of the fun and irony that lie in these roles. And Nan Martin's Portia, which is most effective when she is treating the audience as her ally and confidant, doesn't always avoid the danger of smugness.

On the other hand, director Joseph Papp has amusingly staged the two scenes in which we see the undesirable suitors choose the caskets, with James Earl Jones and Gerald E. McGonagill most entertaining as the self-centered princes. And he has paid so much attention to the usually shortened Launcelot Gobbo scenes that John Call becomes the virtual star of this production. At his first entrance he even receives as much of a hand as does Mr. Scott, and it is clear that this chubby little clown has from his past performances as Puck and Dogberry found a home in the hearts of Central Park audiences. He is in the music-hall tradition and by technique and byplay gets laughs no one probably ever got before from the usually tedious equivocations of this obnoxious servant. And perhaps because he does it all so gently and unmaliciously, we tend not to resent him as much as his actions warrant. Indeed, the park audience loves him and the entire production so uncritically that a reviewer can only feel churlish at not fully sharing their enthusiasm. —HENRY HEWES.

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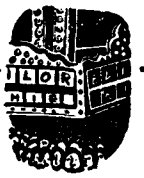

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Not a Million Laugh

COMEDY, which not so long ago was painfully absent from our screens, is now present, almost equally painfully, in abundance. Young Stanley Shapiro is perhaps primarily responsible for this state of things. The success of his "Pillow Talk" a few years back undoubtedly inspired the present cycle of frothy, handsomely dressed, and slyly suggestive pictures that seem to be coming at us from all directions—including Mr. Shapiro himself. His current **"That Touch of Mink,"** costarring Cary Grant and Doris Day, is a deft reworking of the same basic situations that served him so well in his earlier films, and as such it towers above its contemporaries. Unfortunately, although this is intended as praise for a picture that abounds in bright moments and even brighter lines, it is actually no tribute at all—simply a statement of fact. It is no trick for an average man to tower above midgets.

And midgets are what we are getting these days, mite-sized comedy ideas woefully inflated by their writers and disastrously mismanaged by their costly but noncomic stars. Take, for example, **"The Notorious Landlady,"** with Kim Novak in the title role. Miss Novak may be decorated enough in the series of costumes she designed for herself, but her fixed expression of gloomy seductiveness hardly sets a key for sprightly comedy. Nor for that matter does the strangely muddled script by Larry Gelbart and Blake Edwards. It vacillates between risqué sophistication, a supine murder mystery, and Mack Sennett slapstick, with the last—a chase cleverly (and appropriately) cut to the "Pirates of Penzance" overture—apparently introduced as a last-ditch measure to establish once and for all that humor was intended. Jack Lemmon, whether screwing up his courage to sip a drink that might be poisoned, or dashing down two flights of stairs preparatory to bursting open a locked door, renders the script an assistance beyond the call of duty; but Fred Astaire brings nothing beyond his customary jaunty walk to his role of a State Department attaché stationed in London.

Charlton Heston, out of togas at last, is as unlikely a choice for comedy as Miss Novak, and proves it beyond all doubt in **"The Pigeon That Took Rome."** Working with a dour intensity, he knits his noble brow and shouts through his magnificent teeth and strides the streets of Rome at double-quick march in a vain attempt to translate frantic activity into hectic humor. Not that the script provides him with a great deal to go on. Derived from Donald Downes's novel "The Easter Dinner," it puts Heston, an American line captain at Anzio, in Rome as an undercover agent during the last months of the Nazi occupation.

What follows is almost a catalogue of bad jokes. A pregnant girl in search of a husband is unleashed against the unsuspecting captain and his highly susceptible sergeant, Harry Guardino; and, as the final boff, there is a wedding that must be hustled through so that the girl can keep a pressing engagement with the stork. Carrier pigeons supplied by the U.S. Army are served up as squab for an Easter dinner, and the captain's guileless Italian underground helpers substitute German-trained pigeons in the cotes. These promptly fly all his hard-gained military secrets right back to Nazi headquarters.

Our ultimate breakthrough from Anzio, the film suggests, was the result of a wild bit of misinformation concocted by the captain to confuse the Nazis, but flown straight to the beachhead by a lone, surviving squab from our side.

Quite apart from yielding an astonishingly low quotient of laughs, the film is also tasteless in detail, ugly in its outlook on life and people, and a disservice to both the American forces and the Italian underground. "But it's only a comedy," producer, writer, director Melville Shavelson may explain. The picture he has put together, unhappily, is no laughing matter.

World War II also supplies the background for a curious hodge-podge called **"The Best of Enemies,"** costarring David Niven and that expert Italian actor, Alberto Sordi. The film gives every evidence of having been drastically and injudiciously edited down. Michael Wilding, for example, simply disappears halfway into the picture—no apologies, no explanation. Despite this, and a script that may know where it is going but is never too clear about how to get there, the film starts from a valid premise for humor—the mutual antagonism between a British and an Italian officer in the desert campaign of 1941. Their growing respect for each other generates a warmth that all but melt away the many ineptitudes, and their grudging admiration touches off smiles that reach far deeper than the mechanical belly laughs of most of today's comedies. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Other Cambridge

QUIET of a sort has come to the grounds of Harvard University. Regular students are off on summer vacation and the faculty, of course, is on leave running the government. Minding the store this summer, and ready to take visitors through the grounds on a moment's call, are members of the Crimson Key, an honorary society. Key people must pass a test in the history of Harvard, give a demonstration tour, and prepare research on anecdotes about the place, which are then put in the files for future guides.

We were on the grounds recently, where we reported, as all good tourists should, to the feet of the statue of John Harvard which surveys Harvard Yard. We thereupon learned, in rapid order, that the Harvard Yard is a yard and not a campus, a word which they use at—you should pardon the expression—Princeton; that John Harvard didn't found the place; and that the statue, which is reputed to be, along with the images of Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia and Abraham Lincoln in Washington, the most photographed in the East, is not really John Harvard at all, but a freshman in the Class of '88 who posed for sculptor Daniel Chester French.

—*Monkmeyer.*

John Harvards and Cliffies—but in Lamont Library, no.

The real truth is—and it is about time it all came out—that Harvard was established by a vote of the Massachusetts Bay Corporation in 1636, sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. That October the General Court set aside 400 pounds, or one quarter of the colony's tax levy, "towards a schoale or colledge." A dozen freshmen began classes just 324 summers ago, living in one house and taught by one master. The yard was in fact a cow field, and a fence had to be put up to keep the cows and the students separated. Harvard got to be called that because a young Puritan minister died in the autumn of 1638, soon after the seat of learning began to function. His will awarded his books and half his estate to the new college, and in thanks the General Court decided to name it after him. Cambridge, the new city which was growing outside the limits of the yard, was named after the English college where many of the colonists had matriculated. I trust it's all clear so far.

Harvard's freshmen still live in dormitories bordering the Yard, aged buildings entwined with ivy and history. Stoughton Hall is named for William Stoughton who presided at the Salem witch trials in 1692, and is said to have regretted not having burned all the defendants. Stoughton Hall and Halworthy were built with funds collected by the college in 1805 when it ran lotteries to raise money for new freshman dormitories. As questionable as it may now appear, the winning numbers in the two draws were on tickets which had not been sold, and since the college held them no prize was awarded. No riots followed, such being the altruism of Crimson supporters, and the dormitories rose forthwith.

Hollis Hall, where Emerson and Thoreau lived, and which is still used, was constructed in 1763, and a dozen years later it was being put to patriotic purposes as a barracks for colonial troops. Massachusetts Hall, swathed in ivy, can recall the days of 1720 when it first went up, and lecturers have been haranguing the learners in Harvard Hall since 1760. One of its tender stories involves George Lyman Kittredge, a hard-bitten scholar whose habits of severe gradings were resented by the students. At the end of his last lecture, when it is tradition at the university to applaud the professor, not a sound echoed in the hall. The students filed out, but by the time Kittredge had collected his papers and put on his hat, a long line stretched across the Yard from the Hall to the John Harvard statue. As he appeared the entire assemblage sang Fair Harvard. He listened to it as he walked, and as he came to the line's end he turned, tipped his hat, and was gone.

THERE are times when student exuberance overcomes Harvard's attention to tradition. A famous pump in a corner of the old yard was installed in 1936 to replace the original, which was first put there in 1764. The original blew up when it was fitted with a booby trap that was set off by an unsuspecting professor. The perpetrator of this detonation, a forerunner of the *Organisation de l'Armée Secrète,* was a local Harvard club called the Med Fac which took its name from the medical school then just beginning and which delighted in practical jokes. A famed caper of Med Fac that also had its explosive repercussions involved a letter which it sent to the czar of Russia advising his excellency that he had been nominated for an honorary degree. According to the accounts that are now being bandied about the Yard, the czar was ecstatic on receipt of the news and advised his correspondents he would be in America with the spring to accept the honor. There began a series of expensive gifts that were sent from Russia to his benefactors at Harvard. Some Harvard historians trace the beginnings of the cold war to the day when the news reached the czar that the whole invitation was just a grand college boffola.

Members of the Harvard *Crimson* and the *Lampoon* are among the university's most active pranksters today. Under cover of a snowstorm one year a squad of Rangers from the *Crimson* stole a celebrated ibis that crowns the *Lampoon's* building, and presented it as a token of friendship to the Russian ambassador who was visiting in Boston. He accepted it with pleasure, and was moved to return it only after finding

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himself in receipt of a stern letter from the *Lampoon* advising him that he was the recipient of stolen property.

Oddly enough, the matriculants at the Divinity School, possibly exercising their last flings, have acquired a solid reputation for practical levity. For one thing they find themselves facing the Biological Laboratory, an edifice which, on the face of it, is enough to levitate the most sedentary spirit. Its facade, which favors as a factory front in Providence, is engraved with the likenesses of maneds, guanacos, kiangs, kudus, Asiatic wapiti, and other fauna. Flanking the entrance are two enormous rhinoceroses which, when they were unveiled some years back, before a rather distinguished assemblage, were further equipped with bedpans, one red and one blue—courtesy, it is darkly whispered, of the divinity boys across the lawn.

Harvard's most famous exhibit, at least to tourists, is its permanent display of glass flowers, formally know as The Ware Collection of Blaschka Glass Models of Plants. The flowers and plants, scientific reproductions in glass, are the work of two European glassblowers, Leopold Blaschka and his son Rudolph. Originally fabricated as an aid to botanical study in an era before refrigeration permitted the use of fresh models, the entire collection was given to Harvard by the Ware family of Boston. The presentation, before a distinguished gathering in 1893, was not marked by the presence of either Med Fac or the divinity students and seems to have been conducted without historical incident.

Although tours of Harvard are free, there is a 25-cent entrance fee to view the Ware Collection, which has been surrounded with all the tourist accouterments—turnstiles, admission fee, souvenir booklets, and thorny rules. "No photographs" is one of them.

Many of Harvard's buildings are dedicated to its dead in the nation's wars. The Memorial Church honors those Harvard men who were killed in the World Wars. Among the plaques in the main chapel are those of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Commander in Chief of our armies and navies in World War II, and Joseph Patrick Kennedy, the President's brother, killed on an air mission in Europe. Oddly enough there is also a plaque in the church to honor the Harvard students who died in the service of the enemy during World War I. For a long time no one would sit on that side of the church, but the plaque is inscribed in Latin and one day a worshipper not versed in the language nor in the tradition sat down on that side and the spell was broken. There is a standing rule that only men may worship in the church, a regulation aimed apparently at keeping out the girls of Radcliffe, who are known in the Yard as the Cliffies. However, that rule is broken by Mrs. Pusey, the wife of the president, who worships there regularly.

Commencement is held on a stage alongside Memorial Church, and it is traditional for the Governor of Massachusetts to ride up to the gate on a white horse. This long-standing ceremony was shattered somewhat by a recent governor who arrived on campus, or rather in the Yard, in a helicopter, the whirring blades sending washes of air and noise against the colonial buildings.

Soldier's Field, the football stadium, is named for the Harvard dead of the Spanish American War, and Memorial Hall, a fussy old building said to have been a favorite of Henry James, remembers those Harvardmen dead in the cause of the North. Southern students think of it as a memorial to Confederate marksmanship.

Memorial Hall, in its archaic splendor, is just across Cambridge Street from the fire house, which is operated by the city of Cambridge. When Cam-

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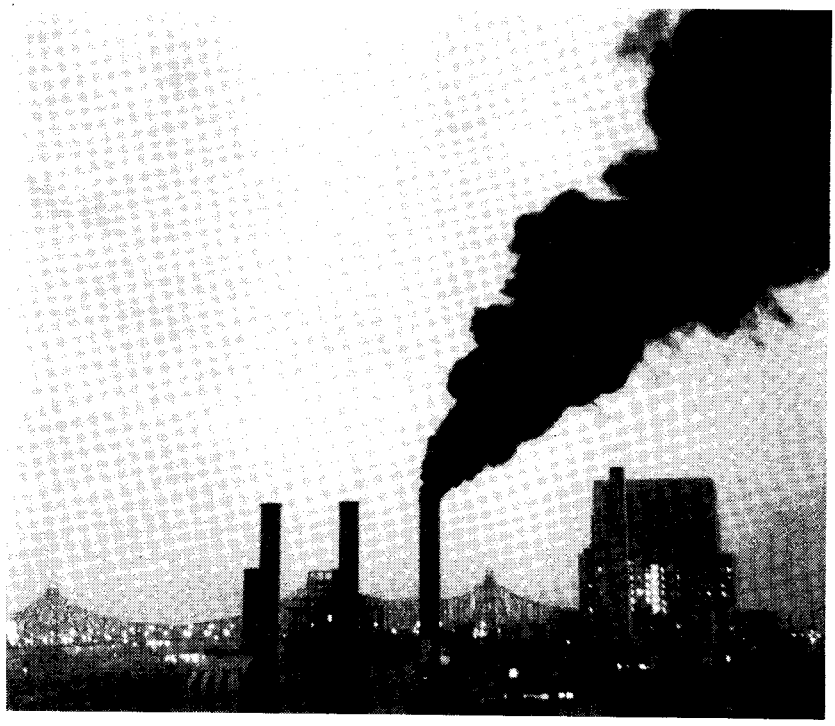
bridge asked the university for land on which to build a modern, practical fire house, Harvard agreed, but insisted that it be finished in traditional Harvard architecture, whatever that may be. Reluctantly the city agreed, but when the building was completed the firemen found it difficult to heat and impractical for equipment. When the truck companies thundered in it and out, chunks of the concrete gingerbread fell to the pavement. Two years after the firehouse was completed, Harvard put up the Allston Burr lecture hall, a strikingly modern building just one block from the firehouse and, alongside, a pair of mid-eighteenth-century structures. The fire department and the city officials were reported to be less than pleased over this turn, and when a fire broke out in the tower of Memorial Hall, the fire department had great difficulty getting its equipment across the muddy streets and generating enough pressure to get water up to the tower. Retribution is darkly suggested in suspicious Cambridgian quarters.

Harvard's newest building is designed by Le Corbusier, and it sports a graduate complex donated by Edward Harkness and designed by Walter Gropius. Harkness, a Yale man, perish forbid, first offered his money to his alma mater, but was turned down. Harvard proved more receptive, and the graduate commons was named for him. On its greensward Gropius planted a metallic thing called a World Tree, and the undergraduates have it that the graduate students dance ritualistically around it each spring, planting ball bearings in the hope that other steel world trees will grow.

Lest anyone think Harvard is a prankish breeze, there are some ninety-one libraries run by the university, including a library of organ music, and the Widener Library, third largest in the U.S. after the Library of Congress in Washington and the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue. It has three million books and was named for Harry Elkins Widener, a student possessed of a great interest in rare books. With his father he had gone to England to attend a book sale, and booked passage home on the *Titanic*.

A bridge connects the Widener Library with the Houghton Library of rare books, which stores Keats's manuscripts, the Henry James papers, and the last remaining book of John Harvard's library willed to the university the year it opened. Used only by scholars, it is considered one of the finest rare book libraries in the world. Down-to-earth studying is done in the Lamont Library which keeps all text books for all the courses offered at Harvard. It has a recreational reading room with big couches and files poetry readings on records, but it also has screened cubby holes for intent study; and to keep the male mind from wandering it denies entry of the Cliffies, and maintains its temperature five degrees cooler than any library south of Nome. —HORACE SUTTON.

New York Is a Summer Festival



Brace Yourself, East Side: Con Ed's Going to Dig Plenty

A long hot summer of jackhammers, duckboards and detours is in store for midtown Manhattan's East Side.

The Borough President's office announced a major repaving program for parts of Fifth, Madison and Park Aves. the other day. Now Consolidated Edison reports that it is getting started on $5 million worth of digging and cable-laying in the same section.

Con Edison is breaking the news easy by circulating pamphlets around town headed, "We don't dig unless we have to . . . IT'S TOO EXPENSIVE!" And going on from there with a promise to do "everything we can . . . to keep traffic moving smoothly . . . to do the job as 'painlessly' as possible."

The digging will be done in an area from 44th St. to 67th St. and from Fifth Ave. to the East River.

In that area, 223 sizeable new buildings — apartment houses and office buildings—have gone up, or are going up, Con Edison reported.

SMUDGE POTS in the sky, in this case, floating over New York's fashionable East Side, are only one of the season's spectacles offered by Consolidated Edison, the city's utility company. Other unusual effects will be provided on land according to this clip from the ***Herald Tribune.*** You know what else is new? The daily rate for midtown parking on Sixth Avenue went up to $3 the other day. On Madison Avenue it's $4 a day. Heigh-ho come to the fair in '64.

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Manner of Speaking

LET THE HEALTHY BE TENDED, TOO: One day at the last Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, I stopped at the Snack Bar and was just beginning to turn around in the precarious maneuver of carrying a paper cup full of hot coffee when I was assaulted by Two Militant Virtues.

"Does it give you any real pleasure to disturb children," said The First Militant Virtue.

"Only when necessary for survival," I said, thinking we were starting some sort of parlor game, and still concentrating on that paper cup of coffee.

"It is *not*," said The Second Militant Virtue, *"funny!"*

So it wasn't a parlor game. I put down the coffee cup, which was beginning to blister. "What isn't funny?"

"If you saw the work we have to do with disturbed children . . ." said MV I.

"Your children's poems . . ." said MV II.

"The terrible anxieties of these children. . . ."

"That poem about Halloween. . . ."

"What they suffer. . . ."

"And that one about children's heads being loose. . . ."

I understood at last. The Militant Virtues were teachers, or possibly psychiatric social workers, who dealt with disturbed children. I had written several books of children's poems in the happy conviction that children were small savages with a glad flair for violence, and in so doing I had violated the rules of therapy to which my Militant Virtues were dedicated.

My ladies were especially concerned about a poem called "Halloween" that played at being spooky, and about another called "The Happy Family" that dealt with the general looseness of children's heads—a manifest fact around my house, and one of which I wrote in such horrendous detail that the poem barely made the pages of a radical magazine called the *Ladies' Home Journal* before it appeared in a book.

We had, the ladies and I, two points of view going. Mine began in the fun of writing not for sweet young blossoms, but for three yowling small savages who happen to be loved and who can at times be utter blackmailers about it. My primitives have only the minutest appetite for sweet poems and stories, and since my own tastes concur, we avoid the fairies at the bottom of some gardens.

Once, in fact, after we had been reading Grimm and I tried Anderson (their Mother's suggestion), Benn, my smallest, brushed aside the fairy princesses for the whole family and piped, "Ah, read us about the birds that pecked out the bad sister's eyes!"

I'm with you, Benn. Those birds are something anyone with a sister can understand. And both of us know that isn't really the way we act toward our sisters. Because we know it's only a story thing, not a for-real thing. And because we know the difference. And because, in a story, it's a lot more fun than just being goody-goody.

The point of view of my Militant Virtues, even though they were graceless about it, also began in love; or at least in concern—in their concern for troubled children who cannot securely tell the difference between story and for-real and who take every bogey-word to be the bogey-man himself, because the sad world has wronged them young, filling them with terror instead of love. What man can fail to weep for a child born helpless into a world that terrifies and that offers no real love a child can bring his terror to for comfort, and from which he can saunter off feeling soothed, laughing, and cocky again?

But is every Militant Virtue right? Whether the poems were good or bad, they were meant for fun. They were meant for the dance and joy of healthy children. Much of my own pleasure in writing children's poems has been in having my pleasure shared by children, individually, in groups, and many times in classrooms. Is one to destroy the pleasure of the healthy because the sick are not equal to it. Time and again I have read that Halloween poem to a row of children and watched them nudge one another joyously, to let one another know it was going to get spooky, as if they were saying to another, "Oh, boy, here comes the scary part!"

Let my Militant Virtues be honored for their work of mercy (if mercy can walk in the armor plate of such righteousness). Let them guard the diet of their sick chicks tenderly, spooning to them with infinite gentleness such broths as may bring strength. But, I argued, why deny the chewier and meatier calories by which the healthy live? Was it not, I asked my ladies, their final aim to bring their poor-feeders to a more substantial diet?

I made no way against their armor of virtue. Now I wonder how much of public policy they represent, and how far their views have gone toward taking over the reading prescriptions of the School System. My ladies would not listen to my argument. Let me hope the schools, the libraries, and the social agencies will not entirely reject it. In mercy's name let the sick be tended from the heart. But let the healthy be tended, too. Let them be fed their own natural food before we all become stomachless invalids.

TODAY'S BROWNIES: Speaking of natural and unnatural foods, I note that our house currently sports a sticker certifying that we have bought our mortally allotted batches of girl scout cookies, whereby I am again reminded of the triumphant slogan once offered for this annual festival by my friend, publisher, and spiritual admonisher, William Sloane, who called upon all persons solicited in these spring rites to remember that: TODAY'S BROWNIE IS TOMORROW'S COOKIE.

The scouting ladies of Rockport County, N. Y., to whom he first offere the slogan shied away from it for reasons I suspect my Militant Virtues would have understood immediately and too well. About ten years ago, I mentioned the slogan to the late Dorcas Campbell, then treasurer of the National Girl Scout organization. Dorcas, bless her, acclaimed the slogan as a honey and vowed she would make the national office adopt it. She failed, alas.

I think she failed somewhere around the word "cookie." I am afraid Militant Virtue would have to shy away from the thought of having girls grow up to be cookies. Can that be firm-jawed and respectable enough for the future mothers of man? (I don't really know, but I suggest an open-minded look at the mothers of man. Could cookiedom, past or present, fail to become them?)

For myself, and in the hope that this world may eventually become the pastry shop of the soul, let me pray their eventual cookiedom to all small daughters of man, as I shall weep for all who miss out on it. I for one will permit no batch of clover-leafed and foil-wrapped mints, crunchies, or gooies into this house in any other name What dream shall I, as the father of daughter, live to, but to tend my brownie in love, and to await, on the other side of the chrysalis, whatever cookie time shall bring forth?

—JOHN CIARDI.

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The Good Society of Stocks & Bonds

By GRANVILLE HICKS

AFTER the violence of James Baldwin's "Another Country," the turgidity of Philip Roth's "Letting Go," and the complexity and intensity of Doris Lessing's "The Golden Notebook," Louis Auchincloss's **"Portrait in Brownstone"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95) is a pleasant change. Auchincloss knows so well what he can do and goes about his job with such quiet competence that his novels are always satisfying, and "Portrait in Brownstone" is Auchincloss at his best.

Auchincloss, as has often been said, is a novelist of manners, one of the few extant. Like Edith Wharton, for whom he has strong but not uncritical admiration, he writes about people of wealth and position, about what is sometimes called "good society." No part of American society is or ever has been stable, but in good society there is at least an air of stability. Certain assumptions are shared, for a time at any rate, and there is some agreement as to what constitutes proper behavior. Against such a background the subtler human relationships can be studied with a precision that is quite impossible in more turbulent situations, and this is the great virtue of the novel of manners as written by Jane Austen and Henry James and all the rest of Auchincloss's predecessors.

"Portrait in Brownstone" is the story of Ida Hartley, a woman of sixty-one in the first chapter, wife of a powerful financier, mother of two grown children. The story, which is told partly by Ida and partly in the third person, goes back to the beginning of the century, when Ida was a little girl, and then moves forward to 1950. We learn about her relationship with her beautiful cousin Geraldine, about her marriage to Derrick Hartley, about the marital difficulties of her daughter Dorcas and the problems of her son Hugh. At last we catch up with the episode that opens the novel—Geraldine's suicide in 1950—and go beyond it to watch the emergence of a new Ida. As almost goes without saying, the movement in time and the shifts n point of view are skilfully managed.

The great element of stability in Ida's life is provided by her mother's family, the Denisons. Linn Tremain had grown up in Florence in the period after the Civil War and had dabbled in art, but then he returned to America and to "the downtown world of stocks and bonds for which nature had all along intended him." He courted Dagmar Denison, who lived in Brooklyn with her father and her younger brothers and sisters, and was reluctant to leave them. After he finally persuaded her to marry him he moved her siblings, one by one, to Fifty-third Street, so that she wouldn't be lonely. The youngest of the family was Ida's mother, and Ida grew up in a world of Denisons.

Into this world comes Derrick Hartley, respectable enough—a Harvard graduate, son of a minister—but a stranger, a small-town boy moving from the outside in. After showing a mild interest in Ida, he falls wildly in love with the beautiful and lively Geraldine, and all sorts of complications ensue. But eventually he marries Ida, and eventually he succeeds Linn Tremain as head of the firm.

The portrait of Derrick is an admirable piece of work. Auchincloss knows Wall Street, and he has frequently

(*Continued on page* 33)

THE AUTHOR: Having elected to pursue two different vocations—the practice of law and the writing of fiction—Louis Auchincloss, whose rule is never to let the business of one trespass on the performance of the other, makes his time count as fully as possible. Accordingly, when asked recently to discuss his latest novel, he wedged in an hour en route from his Wall Street law office to a dinner engagement. "Portrait in Brownstone," he revealed, was written to answer a question which he posed to himself, and which is closely related to his preoccupation with the novel of manners. In its broadest terms, his question is whether or not a homogenous unit—which is to say a family with a tradition of respect for tribal authority that once reached out to include second cousins and step-aunts as well as parents and children—can survive in the fluid environment of an expanding city like New York.

After saddling himself with this rather typical Auchincloss subject, the novelist ran into a major difficulty. Originally, he explained, he had conceived of "Portrait in Brownstone" as a sequel to its predecessor, "The House of Five Talents," which had a ready-made family in the five generations of Millinders, who were its main characters. However, because the Millinders's unifying factor was their wealth rather than their integrity as a family, he realized—but not until after many hours of work—that they lacked the meaningfulness to carry his theme.

To succeed the Millinders, Mr. Auchincloss produced the Denisons, who, in the early (1901) chronology of "Portrait in Brownstone," are modeled closely after his maternal grandmother's family. Secure in their series of brownstone houses on East 53rd Street, the Denisons have molded themselves into a tight social unit, which, according to their creator and/or descendant, is based on their sense of duty and privilege, and which, in turn, dictates their values and principles. As such, the Denison family, Mr. Auchincloss believes, symbolize pre-World War I society.

Having achieved the social background that he wanted, Mr. Auchincloss went about extinguishing it fictionally to the point where, in the world of 1950, which is the novel's chronological end, the Denisons exist only in the mind of his heroine, Ida Hartley. In this process, he related, the Denisons themselves became less important to him as characters than Ida's vision of them and her belief in their validity as an institution, which are both her weakness and her strength.

Though Ida thereby had answered the question that Mr. Auchincloss had originally posed in talking about "Portrait in Brownstone," there remained one or two loose ends to tie up. Why, for example, had he ended the novel in 1950? "To have brought the characters up to the present," he replied, "would have thrown the whole scheme out of kilter and made it a different book. Had Ida grown up and married in the 1920s instead of 1911, she would never have known the world of the Denisons as a homogenous unit."

—IOLA HAVERSTICK.

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For the Babies Born to Go Hungry

"Common Sense About a Starving World," by Ritchie Calder *(Macmillan. 169 pp. $2.95), sees widespread poverty as the real problem of our time and maintains that we now have the ability to solve it. Stringfellow Barr's recently revised history, "The Pilgrimage of Western Man," his "Let's Join the Human Race," and "Citizens of the World" all bear on the subject Mr. Calder's book discusses.*

By STRINGFELLOW BARR

FOR AMERICANS who are trying to understand the world we now live in, a new book by Ritchie Calder is always a major event. Assuming that the motto some wag proposed for the John Birch Society, "World, Go Home!," will not solve any of the problems that beset us, there can be no more important task for the American voter than to learn what today's world is really like. The cold-war picture of the world as composed of Good Guys and Bad Guys comforts those with adolescent minds; but we have not the slightest chance, any more than the Russians have, of persuading mankind that its most urgent problem is to choose between the Communist and capitalistic systems. The bellies of most human beings tell them daily what their most urgent problem is.

This problem, which they call hunger, the American voter calls economic aid, or even hand-outs. Economic aid he has been taught to view as a weapon in the cold war, along with overkill, the conquest of space, and propagandizing for the American image. Armed with these weapons, he hopes to exorcize the world's one real problem, Communism, if only he can sell his neighbors on helping. To date there has been no sale except to governments already due to topple.

This new book of Ritchie Calder's is about the world's real problem. For many years this has been his beat, and, although he recently accepted a professorship in the University of Edinburgh, he remains the world's leading journalist so far as this problem is concerned. Mr. Calder reports superbly

—Photos from FAO.

Famines in Dahomey, Africa (above), and Hunan Province, China (below)—"The bellies of most human beings tell them . . . what their most urgent problem is."

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on the world which neither we Americans nor our European cousins have yet faced up to, and indicates the solutions that modern science and technology have made available. He is not disturbed about our ability to meet the challenge, but he is profoundly disturbed that the present population explosion may create chaos before we bring ourselves to act. It is this sense of urgency that makes his book not merely absorbing but dramatic.

Calder reviews President Truman's "bold new program" and how the terms of trade between the industrialized countries and the underdeveloped ones canceled it out; the Paley Report on why our economy rests on imports from the underdeveloped countries; John Boyd Orr's lonely fight, when he served as the first director of FAO, to get economic justice for the poorer countries, and La Guardia's plea to stabilize the world food market: "Take human lives off the ticker-tapes."

Calder briefly analyzes the population explosion, and regrets that the World Health Organization is being prevented from securing funds to teach birth control or even to do research on human fertility on behalf of some three billion people. He assesses the earth's land mass in terms of mankind's "family estate." He reviews the world's agricultural technology. He reminds us of what the energy stored up in the bomb stockpiles of the atomic nations could do to revolutionize the economies of the poorer nations. He explains simply how industrialized nations base their wealth on the daily exploitation of peoples still unindustrialized—quite unintentionally, so far as most of the fortunate are concerned. As in an earlier book of his, "Men Against the Desert," he explains why much of the Sahara could produce abundantly. He describes how Israel has made the desert bloom—Israel, that veritable pilot plant of what could, and should, be going on all over the world. He explains how other countries might avoid the soil-mining that has done such ghastly damage to more than 1,100 million out of 1,900 million acres of American agricultural land.

CALDER writes fascinatingly of how traditional food taboos in all countries contribute to world hunger, and of many strange but neglected foodstuffs. There is a thrilling account of the locust, that "winged stomach with a jaw." He lists other parasites that destroy food in man's fields, in his granary, inside the bodies of his livestock, or even inside his own body. He discusses the first feeble beginnings of raising food not only in inland fishponds but in inlets of the ocean itself. In short, Calder insists, we have knowledge adequate to solve the problem, but have we enough time left?

Have we even the will? So far as America is concerned, I think the will could be aroused. This small, vivid, simple book of Calder's will itself arouse some of it. In his last chapter, he points out that Paul Hoffman, who was first a successful businessman, then the director of the brilliantly successful Marshall Plan, and is now Director-General of the U.N. Special Fund, has set the right goal: whereas net per capita income in some 100 underdeveloped countries and territories was increased in the 1950s by about 1 per cent a year, the 1960s must double that rate. At present the much-heralded World Development Decade is being financed at about 150 millions as against Mr. Hoffman's experienced estimate of two billions needed by the International Development Association.

One could wish Mr. Calder had gone a step further and explained why this job can be done by the U.N. but not by the U.S. or the U. K. or France or any other nation-states free-wheeling on their own. But this point is implicit in his vivid picture of an exciting and basically hopeful world which nobody should confuse with the hagridden fantasy world of the cold warrior.

Dollars to Fill the Resource Gap

"Foreign Aid and the Defense of Southeast Asia," by Amos A. Jordan, Jr. *(Praeger. 229 pp. $6.50), presents the case for continued U.S. spending for both military and long-range economic "stability assistance" to the SEATO countries. Lionel Landry is an executive with the Foreign Policy Association.*

By LIONEL LANDRY

WHEN Mao Tse-tung wrote about warfare he thought primarily in terms of people and their use. When Americans write on warfare, they think primarily in terms of money, presumably because in warfare, as in cookery, nations tend to use most what they have most of.

West Point's Colonel Amos A. Jordan, Jr., makes a well-ordered plea for continued spending of U.S. money in Asia for "defense support," latterly and more genteelly known as "stability assistance."

Our Asian allies—the SEATO powers—have, he points out, been persuaded to augment our defenses against Communism by arming themselves heavily and sharing our burden with us. Yet such major diverting of their national incomes to arms and military costs could cripple their treasuries, stop orderly governance, and bring on internal instability serious enough to annihilate their defense potential. True, the U.S. Government picks up a large part—sometimes all—of the arms tab, but more is needed.

If we are to make sure that they remain internally stable while preparing to resist an external aggressor, we must make additional funds available to these countries in order to close their over-all resource gap, relieve shortages of particular resources, help channel their fiscal resources usefully, and combat inflation. This has been the function of "stability assistance," which works in a variety of ways ranging from direct U.S. cash grants to programs for filling local markets with consumer goods in order to create more capital and help expand the economy.

Colonel Jordan observes the distinction between this purely military-oriented kind of stability program and the type of long-range economic development program conducted by civilians. He sees no reason why both, with proper coordination, could not function effectively. Yet he is concerned, for criticism of stability assistance is rising in public and Congressional discussion alike.

FIRST, criticism can come from those who dislike the entire military assistance program. These can point, as Colonel Jordan admits, to the fact that U.S.-aided Pakistan shows rather little concern for Communism, building instead its huge "anti-Communist" military establishment with a wary eye on India.

There are also those—and their comment would be more relevant—who bring up the disparity between what looks good to Americans and what looks good to Asians. For example, the kind of stability that might seem desirable to the U.S. military may appear, even to staunch anti-Communists, an intolerable arresting of sound social change and political progress. Consequent rounds of political protest and state repression then threaten to bring on the very internal instability that our sta-

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bility assistance is designed to avert.

To this kind of exception Colonel Jordan's book unfortunately brings no reply. It cannot. Its frame of reference is purely economic and military. It overlooks the human values, behavior patterns, motivations, and aspirations of the Asian cultures concerned, pausing only for a brief look at top officer castes.

Only a broader frame of reference at the outset, one prepared to consider modes of politics and personality in Asia as well as economies and our military purposes, could have brought about the total demonstration of Colonel Jordan's thesis: that stability assistance can work in Asia the way we want it to. It might even have led to sounder reasons than ever for stability assistance and for corresponding adjustments in its administraton.

As things stand, "Foreign Aid and the Defense of Southeast Asia" is an excellent handbook, disciplined, logical, and well documented, on present methods of U.S. administration of several kinds of aid programs.

The Army in Adolescent Nations

"The Role of the Military in Underdeveloped Countries," edited by John J. Johnson *(Princeton University Press. 405 pp. $8.50), offers a symposium of opinions by ten social scientists on the place and nature of armed organizations in the immature state. S. L. A. Marshall is the author of "Night Drop."*

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

TODAY'S Israel rockets along with a faster rate of economic growth than any nation in the world, served by a modern technology and blessed by a more advanced system than is to be found elsewhere for affording equality of opportunity to its people. Therefore, finding an essay on Israel in this book is about as astonishing as seeing Marilyn Monroe described as "underdeveloped" in a girly magazine.

Ben Halpern of Harvard, who writes the able essay on the relations between the Israeli Army and the state, is well aware that the piece is misclassified. He wheels and weasels at the start, trying for appropriateness; but it doesn't come off. What follows is in the main an account of how a modern army evolved out of the Hagana, the Irgun, and the Stern Group of pre-independence days. There is far more about the antecedents than of present organization, which is all to the good since that history is dim and Halpern examines it with a critical eye.

Then he gets to the big question: "Why is this Army ever a bulwark of government and never a challenger of political authority?" That could pose a mystery if Israel could properly be classified with Iraq, Ecuador, and the Congo. Since it can't, there is none. Israel's Army not only has an honored position, it is spiritually at one with the people, being of them. Its regulars are professionals in the best sense. Its might resides in a competent Reserve. Its grueling training programs keep forces ever in the field, for an implacable enemy is right next door. Given these conditions no Army becomes insurgent, being self-preserved against the power-hungry individual.

Yet these unifying influences are never to be found in a newly emerging, backward, poverty-ridden society. The acceptance of mutual interest between a people and its military forces requires not only a high level of intelligence but of general well-being. Perhaps common sense is a better term than intelligence, since in the most civilized states the egghead average is less tolerant of soldiers than the mine-run of hillbillies.

After this preface, let's get along with the book. It is a collection of essays by ten distinguished social scientists, brought together by the Rand Corporation. Each writes on some subject either directly or tangentially related to the book title. The topics were not specifically assigned so that they would complement one another and the whole would be both balanced and comprehensive; some of the essays were lifted from other works. It is all scholarly writing, laden with the shop talk of the social scientist; but it decidedly is not an evenly done, penetrating analysis of the nature and problem

of the military societies in states either newly formed or not yet abreast of twentieth-century civilization.

The Congo Army—the most fascinating mob extant—gets only passing mention. Fidel Castro's cohorts, another engrossing phenomenon, also get the once-over-lightly treatment. But the summary dismissal of these grotesque newsmakers is a lesser complaint. Here we purportedly have a book intended to explain the place and nature of the military in the immature state, for whatever lessons may be drawn to advance human knowledge. But of the character of these forces—their standards, how they train, state of discipline, etc.—there is only a sprinkling of solid, fresh information.

There are exceptions, Halpern being one. Guy J. Pauker, who does a brilliant piece on the military in Indonesia, is another. Pauker doesn't leave his reader hungry.

John J. Johnson's discourse on the evolution of Latin American militarism since the liberation is also deeply reflective, crystal-clear writing. However, we find Johnson advancing the odd proposition that the *caudillo*, or provincial insurgent chief, is not synonymous with militarism south of the Rio Grande because he is usually the foe of the established order, including the standing army. In the name of the late Alvaro Obregón, P. Elías Calles, *et al.*, I find that hard to swallow. So does co-author Victor Alba of Mexico City, who writes: "The militarists soon got out of hand. . . . There arose a group of popular military leaders called caudillos. . . . Under the caudillos, militarism was at one and the same time nationalistic."

From Alba comes this statement: "The function of the Latin American armies has become limited almost exclusively to joint defense of the hemisphere against aggression from other continents." That is to say that the republics seldom tear at one another. But, good heavens, do social scientists believe that armies exist primarily to resist aggression against national borders? How droll! The fundamental object of armies is to give stability to the state, man not being angelic. This is often forgotten because adolescent states are too often victimized by wayward armies.

The authors sedulously pursue the question: "Why in some of these states do military dictators arise while in others the military resist the temptation to take over?" No unanimous answer is returned, though the topic is beaten to death. A related mystery is why some men love power and others don't, why some children take reckless chances and others play safe.

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FICTION

Besides Moravia and Quasimodo

"A Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature: From Futurism to Neorealism," by Sergio Pacifici *(Meridian. 326 pp. Paperback. $1.55), has as a unifying theme the encounter between the Italian imagination and the complexities of the modern world. R. W. B. Lewis is author of "The Picaresque Saint."*

By R. W. B. LEWIS

THE LAST chapter of Sergio Pacifici's engrossing, lavishly informative—and gratifyingly inexpensive—survey of recent Italian literature is called "America and Italy: An Encounter." This book is Mr. Pacifici's own large-scale contribution to that immensely significant historical event, that grand discovery by two countries of each other's traditional and contemporary imaginative life. And Mr. Pacifici is a key witness, since he was born and raised in Italy but has resided for many years in the United States, where he is currently assistant professor of Italian at Yale. He writes for Americans and in an American critical mode, for which we may be thankful; Italian critical prose is still more sluggishly evasive than our native product, and Mr. Pacifici himself has trouble rendering into English some of the jammed-up critical passages he labors to quote. But he writes also out of a constantly refreshed intimacy with the Italian literary scene —"cultural" scene, really, for he guides us through the fields not only of fiction and poetry but of films, periodicals, and artistic and social commentary. The result is admirable; and I think that everyone interested in modern Italy will want to read and return to this book. But both the author's audience and his subject, I shall suggest, may be larger than that.

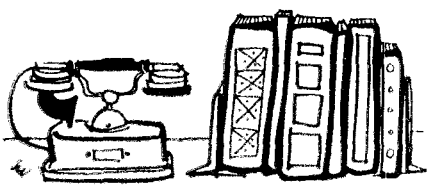
Mr. Pacifici avoids the usual monotony with its misleading lack of stress that is commonly found in the survey. His method is to concentrate on a few major figures in each genre and then to introduce us more briefly to several representative younger practitioners, while alluding in passing to lesser but still significant talents. In fiction, for example, he offers full-length chapters on Moravia, Vasco Pratolini, and Elio Vittorini; shorter discussions of Guglielmo Petroni, Natalia Ginzberg (the first adequate notices in English of these two very able "minor" novelists), and the somewhat better-known fabulist, Italo Calvino; acknowledgments of Carlo Levi, Ignazio Silone (towards whose reputation Mr. Pacifici is grudgingly respectful), and Domenico Rea, the Neapolitan annalist; and the names of twenty or thirty more (Giorgio Bassani, Elsa Morante, etc.). In poetry, individual and well-composed treatments of Saba, Ungaretti, Montale, and Quasimodo (Mr. Pacifici being probably the foremost authority on the last) are followed by a group portrait of such younger poets as Pier Paolo Pasolini, Libero de Libero, and Mario Luzi. And so on. Out of all this one gets a pretty clear sense not only of who's who, but of the significant general tendencies and the characteristic shapes of Italian culture over the past four decades, with the longer history of the subject kept firmly in view as background, point of departure, and target of revolt.

Of the very many fascinating notations, I can here at least mention Mr. Pacifici's accurate emphasis on the sociological strain that mingles surprisingly with the erotic in Moravia's writing; his reflection on the peculiar indefinability of Elio Vittorini, author of that superb archetypal novel *"Conversazione in Sicilia,"* a writer at once tough and *dolce* who is more than anything else the spur of the Italian literary conscience; the pin-pointing of Natalia Ginzberg's habitual subject (the marriage that failed, so treated as to suggest other modes of modern disharmony), and of the legendary and the enchanted in the work of Italo Calvino, his "Ariosto aspect"; the paragraphs on the subdued but straining music in the poetry of Montale, and the chart of Quasimodo's artistic journey from the private and hermetic to the public and "engaged"; the analysis of Michelangelo Antonioni's films *"L'avventura"* and *"La notte,"* and of their affinities with the fictional themes of noncommunication; the almost reverent memoir of Vittorini's short-lived (1945-47) but heroic periodical *Il Politecnico,* a sort of journalistic tragic hero in the postwar cultural drama. Especially useful, it should be added, is the "panorama" of the work (titles and dates) of a number of novelists not examined in the main text, and the bibliography of pertinent secondary writings in Italian and English.

Pacifici's discussions are inclined to circulate rather than to progress; he tends to wander absorbedly in the environs of a subject rather than to locate and appraise it with sharp finality. There is a certain repetitiousness, along with an irresolute manner of reference: English titles sometimes given, sometimes not; sources cited but not named, or named but not identified. Nonetheless, Mr. Pacifici's study is thoroughly rewarding; and it has a genuine if partly buried unity, deriving from a central subject of wide-ranging importance.

His unifying subject which, no doubt wisely, he refuses to press very hard, is that of the encounter between the Italian creative imagination and the vital complexities of the modern world. The discovery of America is part of that story: Italian writers (Pavese is quoted as saying so) gradually have realized "that America was not *another* land . . . but merely the gigantic theatre where, with more frankness than was possible anywhere else, the universal drama was being re-enacted."

Another part of the story is the Italian writer's discovery of the speech of life (the oral tradition) and his rejection of the dead rhetoric of the page (the written tradition). What, in Mr. Pacifici's narrative, links persons as diverse as Antonio Gramsci, the



supreme stylist of radical politics; Vasco Pratolini, that Florentine Dos Passos and author of "A Tale of Poor Lovers," and Salvatore Quasimodo is a thrust of energy, still resisted or deplored elsewhere, pushing out of the provinces of convention and tradition and the private cell of the hermetic and into the abrasive actualities of life and history. The story is not a simple one. For along with the attempted encounter there is the experience of its ironies and frequent failures, as in the earlier Moravia and the later Antonioni; and once the world has been experienced there is a strong impulse (as in Pavese and Vittorini) to move beyond the actual, to grope for a "higher reality" and the outlines of an explanatory myth.

Pavese's attitude towards America quoted above rings generously in American ears; but after meditating on Pacifici's invaluable guided tour of contemporary Italy, an American cannot help feeling that there too the universal drama of our time is being re-enacted.

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Evil Deeds Shrouded in Silence

"The Sins of the Fathers," by Christian Geissler, *translated by James Kirkup (Random House. 266 pp. $3.95), follows a young German physicist's attempts to learn the fate of the Jewish family that once owned the villa housing his laboratory. Joseph P. Bauke teaches German literature at Columbia University and is assistant editor of the Germanic Review.*

By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

"WE ARE searching for fathers who will think with us about their past ways and the ways we are to go in the future," says Klaus Köhler, the angry young protagonist of this novel, which caused a lively debate when it was published in Germany. Christian Geissler is one of the few German writers to take up the problem of guilt in the massacre of the Jews, and he goes about his probing of the murderers with a sense of commitment depressingly rare in contemporary German fiction. Unfortunately, good intentions alone do not produce good novels, and it is easy to find fault with Geissler's writing. The dialogue is often strained, the characters too black and white, and the plot improbable. The translation, too, could stand improvement. But somehow the propelling ardor of the youthful author triumphs over these shortcomings, and the book, with its frequent references to actual incidents in postwar Germany, is as convincing as a prosecutor's account.

The hero is a physicist determined to find out what happened to the Jewish family that owned the villa in which his research institute is now housed. Confronting townspeople from all walks of life with his searching questions, he has to cut through a dross of sentiment, self-pity, and arrogance which covers the memories of evil deeds and has led to a complete repression of guilt. *Autobahn* and Iron Crosses are the only links to the past, and the material comforts of a flourishing economy are lulling even the new generation into a state of mental apathy similar to that from which Hitler sprang. It is this chaogenous situation with which the book is most concerned.

As perturbing as the silence of the many is the attitude of one who talks. He is Köhler's colleague Steinhoff, a Communist who has no qualms whatever about the violent death of the Jews. Their murder, he argues, was only a grisly interlude preceding the general *Götterdämmerung* of capitalism. The Jews were as bourgeois as their Aryan neighbors, and history ordained their fate. Perhaps Herr Geissler should have let his hero look for less patrician victims.

The ending is symbolic, if heavy-handed: Köhler finds that the leader of the SA bullies who did away with the owners of the villa now lives in the same apartment house as he. Another tenant, the only surviving son of the destroyed family, has married a gentile and assumed an alias. Forced into hiding under the Nazis, he continues to live away from the mainstream of events after the war is over. He too is silent, unable to cope with the past.

Silence, according to Herr Geissler, is the worst sin of the fathers. This book should provoke them to speak. The sons, wherever they are, will also profit by reading it.

Christian Geissler—"propelling ardor."

The Little Joys of a Party Girl

"The Wonderful Clouds," by Francoise Sagan, *translated by Anne Green (Dutton. 128 pp. $3), sketches the jealous scenes and recumbent reconciliations of a philandering young woman and her masochistic husband. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State College.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

WHEN this novel came out in France last year, Siné summed up its action in a series of exceedingly funny cartoons (*L'Express,* June 16). Josée, of "Those Without Shadows," has separated herself from her idle-rich companions of the Sixteenth Arrondissement to marry Alan, an idle-rich American, very handsome and very neurotic. Particularly he is fiercely jealous. Siné's first drawing shows them on the Florida beach with another couple. Alan is masochistically trying to provoke a situation between Josée and Brandon. Josée thwarts her husband's plan but deceives him with a sailor. Emotional scene followed by reconciliation in bed.

Francoise Sagan—"world weariness."

Returning to New York, Josée runs into Bernard, an ex-lover. Alan very ugly about Bernard, but the two men get drunk together while Josée hops a plane to spend ten days alone in an unheated château in Normandy. Then Paris and the old round of parties, at one of which Alan turns up. Reconciliation at the Ritz, in bed. Alan becomes an overnight success as a painter while he has

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Josée followed by a private detective. At the party given by his patroness, Josée runs into another former lover. Brief retirement together to their hostess's bathroom. Josée tells Alan all about it. Scene and reconciliation. As Siné puts it, "Ouf!"

I have no doubt that Siné's ridicule is a healthy reaction, and it helps one bear the thought of the thousands of people who will buy this book just to live vicariously. It helps, too, when one thinks of how seriously Miss Sagan herself seemingly takes these characters and of how uncritical most of her critics have been. Yet, although the situations often appear unintentionally ludicrous, the characters wooden, and the language stilted, the book is nevertheless significant and interesting. Moreover, its flaws help make it so.

Françoise Sagan is still a very young writer, and the vision of the world she has is deep-dyed in that world-weariness that afflicts each new generation. Apparently humorless, cynical, obsessed by self, sex, and the meaning of life, she projects, in each of her works, a mood that is eternally adolescent. Only a young person could see Alan and Josée as tragic figures, this weak and moping pair who, in spite of wealth, health, and beauty, find relief from *taedium vitae* only in mutual cruelty and sex. Only a young person could

write such a beautifully sad statement of their lot on earth: "frail collections of bone, blood and gray matter that snatched little joys and little sorrows from one another before disappearing. . . ."

Miss Sagan has been considered a powerful spokesman for her age: Life can have no meaning lived under the threat of atom bombs. But she speaks more for her age-group than for the age in which she lives. Writers of other times—Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Maurice Barrès—have recorded a precocious disabusal in brief novels of self-analysis alternating with lyrical effusions. Perhaps "The Wonderful Clouds" is not unworthy of being listed with these classics of the *mal du siècle*, which it resembles. Its ring is authentic, with even its naïvetés and gaucheries helping to make it a true expression of youth's view of life. And we can imagine what a parody Siné could have done on any one of its predecessors.

USA

Anti-Buncombe and Humbug

"H. L. Mencken and the American Mercury Adventure," by M. K. Singleton *(Duke University Press. 246 pp. $6), chronicles the ten years during which the most famous of debunkers conducted his war against the "booboisie" in the pages of his own amazing magazine. SR Managing Editor Richard L. Tobin was a staff member of the New York Herald Tribune for nearly a quarter of a century.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE FIRST issue of the fabulous *American Mercury* went to press early in December 1923 and was dispatched to 3,033 founder-subscribers. By Christmas, Henry Louis Mencken, its co-editor, could proudly see on almost any good newsstand the first of the 120 numbers he was to edit during the next decade. The *Mercury* sold at the high price of 50¢ a copy, or $5 a year: a handsome, worth-while investment for any reader. Its Paris green cover, Elmer Adler's attractive marginal decorations in black, red, and blue, and the new sewn construction that allowed the magazine to open out flat like a book fixed its format for the remainder of Mencken's term. There were 128 pages in the first issue, and in all succeeding issues for the next twelve years.

By January 1924 the small staff was jubilant. Everywhere there were sell-outs and clamorings for more, and Mencken wrote happily to Philip Goodman: "We have word this morning that the subscription department is 670 subscribers behind—that is, behind in entering them up. Knopf has bought 30 new yellow neckties and has taken a place in Westchester County to breed Assyrian wolfhounds." A second, then a third printing were necessary to assuage thirsty readership, and about 15,000 first copies were sold. Eighteen months later the circulation of this remarkable publication was four times that of its initial issue. There it stayed through most of Mencken's long and fruitful editorship; the magazine dwindled to a cliché after he left.

M. K. Singleton's lively work appears to do justice to the Great Man and to the literary mouthpiece that is an ir-

H. L. Mencken—an Iron Chancellor.

revocable part of his legend. However, most un-Menckenlike mistakes occur. (Walter Lippmann's name is misspelled "Lippman" throughout; other editorial boo-boos involve such familiar snares as the "*Ladies' Home Journal*," and "harass" seems to be permanently fixed with two r's just a little bit north of South Carolina.) But over all there is excitement here, beautifully documented and well planned to explain to new generations precisely why the *Mercury* was the brightest star in the golden decade of debunkers. Partly because of Mencken's running attack on "wowsers," "Pecksniffs," and "snouters," and partly because of his amazingly vivid vocabulary, the co-editor and his opus were a smash from the start. Mr. Singleton is able to explain why in this rather brief volume—no mean feat a couple of sophisticated generations later.

Mencken was co-editor only until his bitter fight with George Jean Nathan, which ended with Nathan's demotion to the Siberia of "Contributing Editor" quite soon after the *Mercury* was launched. Mencken was intensely German, an editorial Iron Chancellor (he was related to Bismarck) who felt a magazine should be "a dictatorship . . . [It cannot] be run by a committee or a board of editors. A board of editors only means that [it] satisfies the least civilized on the board, generally a woman or a former minister."

While Mencken believed that the

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Mercury should be general in nature, with its literary concerns subordinate to other interests, Nathan felt that any magazine worth its salt should forego editorial preoccupation with journalistic immediacy and "devote itself instead to those materials of art and life that are not necessarily bound strictly by the clock and that deepen, whether seriously or lightly, a reader's understanding of his surroundings, of himself, and of his fellows."

George Jean Nathan left and Mencken remained, now editor-without-adjective. He stayed on until the Depression (which he never understood and did not even comment on until 1931) and the coming of one-worldism (which baffled and irritated him) drove him into his final obscurity.

As one looks back on an incredibly naïve and often tedious era of flappers, bathtub gin, and the Scopes trial, what value can one place on the *Mercury*? That Mencken was at his best a magnificent stylist and a discerning critic of worthy new writers cannot be denied; and that the magazine had profound influence on every writer and editor of his time is perfectly apparent in this highly readable book. But that Mencken was also a cold, often unnecessarily cruel editor few can doubt; though few can fail to admire him for his "Americana" and his devastating war against buncombe, "booboisie," and humbug.

Our Face in the Questionnaire

***"American Credos," by Stuart Chase** (Harper. 202 pp. $3.95), builds from a variety of recent polls a composite picture of what the average man thinks. D. W. Brogan's books include "Citizenship Today: England-France-The United States" and "The American Character."*

By D. W. BROGAN

IN THE House of Commons it is a rule that members should "declare their interest" when they are taking part in a discussion of matters with which they are personally involved. So I shall begin by declaring my interest. I have a good deal of faith in polling, especially political polling. Indeed, I have recently been defending it against some ill-informed and not totally disinterested criticism in the columns of the most august of English newspapers, *The Times*. So I am in general in favor of Stuart Chase's bold enterprise. What he has undertaken in "American Credos" is to use a great range of recent polls on political, economic, social, and religious topics to build up a composite picture of what the representative American believes. This is done with Mr. Chase's usual intelligence and lively sense of social commitment, and it was well worth doing.

The author is a more devoted believer in the polling system than I am. In his opinion, the great refinement of polling techniques in the last twenty years or so has provided a very valuable instrument of what is sometimes called "social engineering." He cites the great utility of these polls in helping to frame a rational economic policy during the war and in assessing the bases of Army morale. Since we in Britain had a far more complicated system of rationing and far more control of the economy, as well as far wider conscription (women were conscripted), we used polls far more and found them even more useful than the Americans did. And the most sophisticated of our pollsters, Dr. Mark Abrams, is a close friend of mine. So I hope it will not be taken as a proof of excessive skepticism if, in addition to recommending this fascinating and important book, I draw attention to some of the weaknesses in the polling system and to one or two instances in which I think Mr. Chase misuses his data.

On the whole, Mr. Chase's conclusions are on the optimistic side, justifiably so. There is not a great tidal wave of reaction sweeping across the country or across the campuses. Although, as many polls have shown, there is a high correlation between educational level and liberality of opinions, even at the lowest economic and educational level the principles of the Bill of Rights are accepted—if but barely. (This does not mean that all or most Americans know what the Bill of Rights is, or if it were put to the vote now, it would be reenacted. But there is no majority for repealing it.) Even where what might be termed obscurantist opinions are strongest, as in the South on the segregation question, there is a sizable liberal minority and, an encouraging point, the young are more liberal than their elders. We learn, for instance, that right at the height of the McCarthy boom most people were indifferent to the menace of Communism, and to the great moral role of Chiang Kai-shek. But, of course, this may be a reflection of the political indifference—what the Greeks would have called the "idiocy"—of the average American, and not a proof of political wisdom.

Still, Mr. Chase is right in pointing out that the somewhat torpid consensus of American political life has its good side. The American is no longer isolationist, no longer defends (except in the South) racial segregation or differentiation, although Mr. Chase tells us, with his usual candor, that there is a good deal more anti-Semitism to be discovered beneath the surface than is revealed by polls. However, the polls have done a good and, on the whole, reassuring job. But—and there is a but. Mr. Chase is too sophisticated a handler of polls not to know that certain questions elicit answers of less than complete conviction. When a man tells you how he is going to vote or how he voted, he usually tells the truth. On general issues of public policy, like support for the United Nations, his affirmative answer has some value, if only as a reply to the more vociferous patriots in Congress, or in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. But when we are told that a majority of Americans support an international language, can we attach any meaning to this? Are they willing to learn one, or to have one taught to their children, or to pay for having it taught? When we are told that 97 per cent of Americans believe in God, there is ambiguity in "belief" and in "God." Is it Aristotle's God or Calvin's God? Since only 5 per cent of Americans now believe in hell, it is obviously not Calvin's God.

SOMETIMES Mr. Chase misrepresents his own data. We learn that majorities disagree that "science can solve our social problems." The author translates this into, "The vote on social science was close." But what evidence is there that the people polled thought of science as social science? Is it not highly probable that by "science" the respondents meant penicillin, sputniks, tranquilizers, new car lacquers, and of nothing that is peddled either by me or by Mr. Chase?

Then there is one last point. Polls are only indicators. They do not give orders. I can remember the sagacity of Sam Rayburn in telling me that political polls were very useful to politicians. He also told me that whether they were right or not often depended on whether the politicians believed them and acted on them. If they did, the pollster was right; if they didn't the pollster was wrong. There is no substitute for leadership. Lincoln took no polls.

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Bias 30 Miles from the Loop

***"But Not Next Door," by Harry and David Rosen** (Obolensky. 175 pp. $3.95), tells what transpired in Deerfield, Illinois, when an affiliate of Modern Community Developers attempted to construct a group of homes of which approximately one-fifth would be sold to Negroes. Robert A. Low was the first director of New York City's Neighborhood Conservation Program.*

By ROBERT A. LOW

WHAT happens to a typical all-white suburban community when construction is started on the first houses of an integrated development? The impact of such a project on the citizens of Deerfield, Illinois (pop. 10,500), some thirty miles from Chicago's Loop, is described in "But Not Next Door." It is not a pretty story, but its telling is important because the future of integration in the United States depends on the success of dozens and hundreds of like ventures in the years ahead.

The Deerfield undertaking was sponsored by an affiliate of Modern Community Developers, organized some years ago by a Philadelphia builder named Morris Milgram to advance the cause of integrated housing. On its Board of Directors or Advisory Committee are such well-known Americans as Jackie Robinson, U.S. Senator Clark, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, U.S. Housing Administrator Robert C. Weaver, and others. It has constructed successful integrated developments in the Philadelphia suburbs, Princeton, New Jersey, Riverdale, New York, and elsewhere.

The Deerfield plan called for fifty-one homes on one-half-acre plots to sell for $30,000 each, with ten to twelve to go to Negro families. Each owner would be required to designate the developer as exclusive agent in the event of resale to assure the "controlled-occupancy" of a similar ratio of whites to Negroes.

In September 1959 building was started on two houses. But the sponsors allowed three months to pass before approaching the Deerfield clergy to begin their program to prepare the village for the integrated project. The educational campaign never got off the ground. Three days after the first open discussion a building inspector ordered the work stopped on the grounds, among others, that the Deerfield building code required 1″ x 4″ braces instead of the larger (and presumably more sturdy) 1″ x 6″ braces which had been installed.

Harry Rosen—"Only a handful resisted."

Opposition developed quickly and effectively. The citizens of Deerfield prepared to resist the intrusion of Negro families by every "legal means."

One minister analyzed the strategy of the fight against the development as one "to conceal real motives under socially acceptable masks of reasonable argument." What were the arguments? First, that the builders came in stealthily and treacherously to impose integration on a helpless community ("guinea pigs") not actually opposed to the principle of integration; and, second, that the builders would profit from the development but in so doing would force home values down and thereby bring economic loss to the citizens of Deerfield.

At public meetings and in private discussions leaders of the opposition used these arguments persuasively to unite villagers against the development. Only a handful resisted. Among these was a local schoolteacher who courageously appeared at a hooting and jeering public meeting to tell the parents of his students where he stood. When a door-to-door secret poll, conducted by the confident opposition, put Deerfield on record eight to one against the development, Chicago *Sun-Times* columnist Irv Kupcinet observed: "One man with courage constitutes a majority."

But the overwhelming results of the poll could not in themselves stop the threat of integration to Deerfield. Opposition leaders needed some "legal means" to kill it. They settled on a bond issue to acquire the site for park purposes—even though Deerfield voters had twice in the past year defeated bond issues to expand park lands in the village. This time the bond issue carried handily—more than two to one. The constitutionality of the acquisition of the site continues to await final disposition in the courts.

The authors, social workers Harry and David Rosen, the latter a resident of Deerfield, have attempted to record the facts objectively, although in so doing they have related some unnecessary and uninteresting detail. At the same time they have examined the passions and emotions of Deerfield citizens through the presentation of three composite personalities. Unfortunately, with a village full of real-life antagonists, this device does not convey the full impact of the drama.

What is to be learned from the experience of Deerfield? First, integration in a comfortable and educated suburban community requires a carefully planned and executed advance educational campaign if it is to stand a chance of success. Second, integration is as much a problem for the North as the South. A recent Gallup Poll showed that 27 per cent of Northern whites believe integration is progressing "too fast." The Deerfield story suggests the figure is much higher among whites faced with integration "next door."

Coming July 21st

SCHOOL IN THE MIDDLE

Mauritz Johnson, Jr., discusses the Junior High School which has long been American education's problem child.

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A Minority's New Militant Spirit

***"The Negro Revolt," by Louis E. Lomax** (Harper. 250 pp. $4.50), blasts the complacency of those who believe that the colored man is content to accept gradual integration. Arna Bontemps's latest book is "One Hundred Years of Negro Freedom."*

By ARNA BONTEMPS

THE SECOND book by the author of "The Reluctant African," which won last year's Anisfield-Wolf Award, is bright, topical, and provocative. Louis E. Lomax gets his literary spark from a grandmother who wrote religious plays. It shows, and it is a major asset. He can create drama. Only in this sense, in fact, is it possible to see the events growing out of the Montgomery bus boycott and the militant spirit it awakened (nonviolent, of course) as "a drastic change in our methods and ideas concerning segregation and established Negro leadership organizations."

Nonviolent resistance as a means of opposing segregation was tried repeatedly by Frederick Douglass more than a decade before the Civil War. He employed the sit-in when he made a practice of keeping his seat in "white" waiting rooms and sections of trains until removed bodily by authorities. Teachers from Tuskegee Institute, traveling out of Montgomery in the 1880s, were the original freedom riders, and they were supported strongly by Booker T. Washington! The NAACP picketed and used other public demonstrations before the First World War. A. Philip Randolph's March-on-Washington preceded Montgomery by a decade. The present crusade is moving not because of any new philosophy or any break in the lines of protest. It is moving because other factors have come into play, and efforts that formerly produced only limited results suddenly began to show spectacular returns. The enemy has grown weaker.

Lomax mentions in passing that "few white people have more than a headline acquaintance with the Negro, and even white liberals share the general white population's total ignorance of Negro history." He might have added that this, fully as much as the cardinal issue of segregation *vs.* integration, is at the heart of the problem. Those who might otherwise be concerned simply don't know what "bugs" Negroes.

The first section of "The Negro Revolt" presents the author's own contribution toward the enlightenment. His background sketch is lively, personal, and readable. Then, without sufficiently crediting the NAACP for its long, patient (I would say, heroic) assault on the "separate but equal" doctrine that had held the Negro in quasi-slavery for the better part of a century, he nevertheless recreates the mood of the Fifties, where Negroes were concerned, and swings into a documentary of events that began December 1, 1955, when Mrs. Rosa Parks, colored, boarded the Cleveland Avenue bus in Montgomery, Alabama, and refused to give up her seat when the driver demanded it. What happened there and after has never been reported better, perhaps never so well.

Lomax's vignettes of the persons in the drama feature Martin Luther King most prominently, but they do not overlook Roy Wilkins of the NAACP, Malcolm X of the Black Muslims, or the leading figures in the activities of CORE, SNICK, SCLC, etc. Taking a hard look at the personalities as well as the programs of each, Lomax notes a certain "magic" about King's articulation of the Negro's "tiredness," but suggests that students are growing impatient with him and that some older folks are critical—off the record. He shows Roy Wilkins and Henry Lee Moon of the NAACP reflecting sadly on problems raised by increasing competition for the leadership role in the Negro's struggle. "Let's face it," he has Wilkins say, "I am not a dramatic personality."

Moon adds, "You have to give it to CORE and Martin King; they know how to dramatize their wares."

THE conclusion Lomax reaches is "that Roy Wilkins went to jail twenty years too soon. In the mid-Forties, Roy was among those who were arrested while picketing Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., because the Daughters of the American Revolution, managers of the hall, refused to allow Negro artists to perform there. The students who are now demanding militant action weren't born then, and they will be surprised to read here that Roy Wilkins was ever in jail for a civil rights cause."

One wonders about the future of any "revolt" that does not have a perspective of at least twenty years; Lomax holds no brief for the short view, but his sympathies seem to be with the youngsters and the oldsters who are leaving the old leadership behind.

Walter Rosenstein: First Amy Loveman Award Winner

IT ALL happened at once to young Walter Rosenstein of Forest Hills, New York. He got married, graduated from Dickinson College, and captured the $1,000 Amy Loveman Award (*SR*, Jan. 13, 1962) in a new national contest sponsored by the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Women's National Book Association, and the *Saturday Review* for the most outstanding personal library; and all within a period of three months.

Fifty-two colleges and universities across the land conducted preliminary contests among seniors, who, to compete, had to submit twenty-five-word annotations on each of the books in their respective libraries. Out of these emerged profiles of the individual libraries and their owners; and from them the profile most to the liking of Judges Rosemary Benét, John Winterich, Eleanor Smith, Ben Grauer, and Harry Hart was the Rosenstein. They agreed that his annotations showed an independence of (though not a rebellion against) faculty opinion that was both refreshing and original. Their decision was based also on the growth factors inherent in Rosenstein's collection.

"My library is an organic thing," Rosenstein wrote in his presentation. "My ideal would resemble New York's Forty-Second Street Library on a smaller scale. It would contain the finest works in every field of human knowledge. It would have all the works of the great modern novelists from Flaubert to Salinger; the poets, starting with Baudelaire; the dramatists, beginning with Ibsen. These would predominate; but my interests are hardly exclusive, and I would have works on archeology, anthropology, philosophy, psychology, history, art, politics, biography, and music.

"I am by no means a Renaissance man. I have little interest in science or architecture and I paint poorly; but I am curious about almost everything. It may be more profitable to know a great deal on one subject, but it is

(*Continued on page* 55)

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In Japan, Relief from Grief

***"A Bridge for Passing," by Pearl S. Buck** (John Day. 256 pp. $4.50), tells of the comfort the novelist derived after the death of her husband by concerning herself with others. "George III: The Story of a Complex Man" is the most recent book by biographer J. C. Long.*

By J. C. LONG

PEARL BUCK's beautifully written book contains in its short compass a triple message, and the three elements are so interwoven that no one theme predominates.

The springboard of Miss Buck's narrative is her experience as a participant in the American-Japanese motion picture production of her book "The Big Wave," and in that connection she notes that movie executives and actors are of the same breed the world over. Nevertheless, Miss Buck found a special charm in the modern Japanese: their customs, kindliness, artistic qualities, and technical skills. She regards the brutal era, when the military dragged Japan into World War II, as a passing and uncharacteristic phase. Also she reports that the American Occupation was carried on in a way to encourage friendship and confidence between the two peoples. Here is a message for international good will.

However, Miss Buck undertook this film to assuage her agony over the death of her husband. Anyone who has suffered the loss of a loved one knows that desperate feeling of finality and rebellion against fate. For them the novelist's experience reveals that time and active, sympathetic interest in the lives of others are the great healers.

Her book is in the tradition of widows who have a compulsion to exorcise the pain of their bereavement by public tribute to the one who has passed beyond. (There does not seem to have been the same compulsion in male writers.) Some may recall "An American Idyll," by Cornelia Parker, or, again, "Death of a Man," by Lael Wertenbaker. Those two women write in the spirit of stoical endurance. In contrast, in "A Man Called Peter" Catherine Marshall testifies to a great strength and benediction coming from the grace of God and assurance of the divine purpose.

—*Reginald Davis.*

Pearl S. Buck—"a triple message."

Pearl Buck's attitude lies somewhere between resignation and hope of heaven. She considers herself to be scientific rather than religious; in fact, she seems hardly to have heard of the Christian affirmation of immortality. However, she accepts a belief in eternal life as a reasonable working hypothesis fully as reasonable as a negative insistence.

She writes:

> I am trained in science. There are two schools in the approach. One is to believe the impossible an absolute unless and until it is proved the possible. The other is to believe the possible an absolute unless and until it is proved the impossible. I belong to the latter school. Therefore all things are possible until they are proved impossible—and even the impossible may only be so, as of now.

There is a third message in this book, namely, that for the man or woman who has had a disastrous first marriage the future nevertheless may hold romance. Both Pearl Buck and her husband, Richard J. Walsh, who had been president of The John Day Company which publishes Miss Buck, had been married previously and unsatisfactorily, and yet for twenty-five years they had a union of the greatest mutual devotion.

She Was a Motherly Firebrand

***"Rebel in Paradise: A Biography of Emma Goldman," by Richard Drinnon** (University of Chicago Press. 314 pp. $5.95), portrays a philosophical anarchist who fought against all restrictions of the human spirit. Earl Schenck Miers has written numerous books about United States history.*

By EARL SCHENCK MIERS

A YOUNG scholar with a becoming mission—to root out the fear-mongers who fear nothing so much as freedom itself—is the subject of this undertaking; and in presenting her Mr. Drinnon tends upon occasion to use words and thoughts as Cassius Clay once used a bowie knife. Yet any biography of Emma Goldman merits this quality; her lifetime of anarchism was nothing if not explosive. No one ever was going to tell Emma that the God-intended role of women on earth was to "keep their mouths shut and their wombs open"; to the pious Theodore Roosevelt she was, to say the least, "a mental as well as a moral pervert," and the suspicion that all by herself Emma might destroy the American government haunted the dreams of J. Edgar Hoover.

What Emma's critics never guessed was how deeply she loved America. True, she attempted a bit of prostitution to buy the gun with which her lover tried to put a bullet into Frick's belly during the Homestead Strike, but this was an outburst of girlish violence she later regretted. Indeed, as the years wore on and the innate motherliness in Emma emerged, nonviolence became the core of her credo. She developed increasingly into a philosophical anarchist who fought anything that restricted the human spirit—government, religion, social custom—and she fought so well that no conformist could hear her name without shuddering. A poor soldier in St. Louis, who shook hands with Emma after a lecture because she had made him think, soon got what he deserved for this kind of G.I. nonconformity—a court-martial.

Mr. Drinnon employs Emma both as a person and a symbol. As a person, she has warmth and strength and cour-

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age; as a symbol, she is the mirror of our own insecurity when our convictions are challenged. Because of this insecurity we act absurdly: trying to prove, without the barest shred of evidence, that Emma plotted the assassination of President McKinley, hounding her from the lecture platform where her evil purpose was to discourse on the plays of Henrik Ibsen, and at last trumping up charges by which she could be deported. One visit with Lenin was enough to turn Emma against the tyranny of Communism; the crackle of Hitler's voice alerted her instantly to the evils of Nazism; Emma was no fool. A sympathetic biography of Emma—and this is one—must perforce often hit the complacent moralist between the eyes. Mr. Drinnon, we suspect, rather enjoys that prospect; and if, despite her critics, Emma didn't go to hell, we imagine she also is chuckling. The volume certainly is an appropriate one for Chicago to publish on the seventy-sixth birthday of the Haymarket Bombing; dissent still hasn't withered at the grass roots of our culture.

SATURDAY REVIEW

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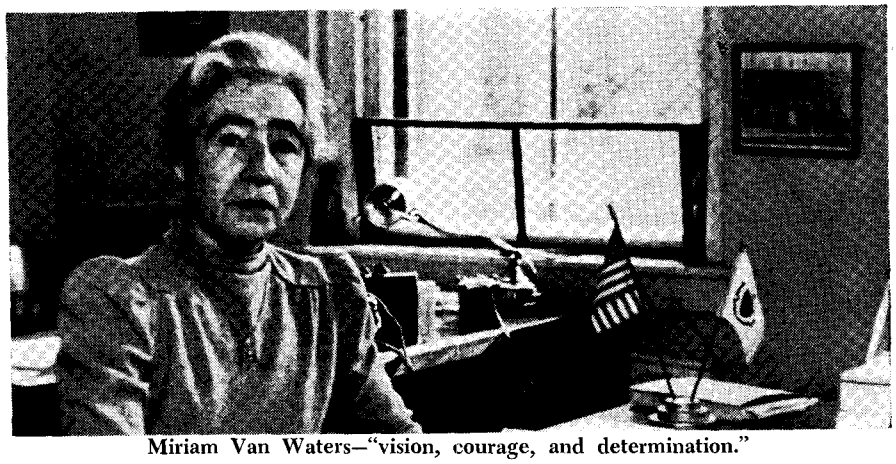
Straight Paths for Wayward Girls



Miriam Van Waters—"vision, courage, and determination."

"The Lady at Box 99: The Story of Miriam Van Waters," by Burton J. Rowles *(Seabury Press. 367 pp. $5.75), traces the career of the outstanding woman in American correctional history. A criminologist himself for forty-five years, Harry Elmer Barnes is the author of eight books on crime and punishment.*

By HARRY ELMER BARNES

MIRIAM VAN WATERS, who gained her first interest in the rehabilitation of delinquent girls while studying for her doctorate under the famous psychologist Granville Stanley Hall, built up an international reputation in the field as administrator, investigator, author, and lecturer between 1917 and 1930. During that time she did remarkable pioneering work as superintendent of Juvenile Hall in Los Angeles and as head of an experimental school for delinquent girls at El Retiro in San Fernando Valley. Her principal fame, however, was achieved as referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court. In 1924, on leave from the court, she made a survey of institutions for delinquent girls, which led to the publication of her classic work, "Youth in Conflict," published in 1925. The next year Felix Frankfurter persuaded her to act as director of the juvenile section of the Harvard Law School Crime Survey, and in 1929 Dr. Van Waters became chief consultant on juvenile delinquency for the Wickersham Commission.

Jessie Hodder had in the meantime created at Framingham, Massachusetts, one of the most progressive houses of detention for delinquent women and girls. Thus when age and ill health compelled Mrs. Hodder to resign in 1931, Dr. Van Waters was the logical successor. Appointed superintendent in January 1932, during the next quarter-century she made Framingham the most advanced and successful institution for the rehabilitation of delinquent women in the United States. She also trained many of those from her staff who went on to direct the better reformatories of this type throughout the country.

While well grounded in extensive technical training and experience, Dr. Van Waters's correctional philosophy was predicated on the common-sense assumption that rehabilitation must prepare an inmate for a normal life. Hence the institutional regimen must be as close as possible to conditions on the outside. Treatment, moreover, must be individualized, with outlets provided for legitimate interests and activities. Finally, the ideals and techniques of such treatment must not only be shared by the superintendent and staff but must also be "sold" to the inmates—"students," Dr. Van Waters called them.

HER biographer, Burton J. Rowles, appraises the results quite accurately: "By 1947, the Framingham Reformatory for Women was better than any place Dorothea Dix could have prayed for in her revolt against the charnel houses of her time. It was a model worthy of the national praise it received, and it was the institutional image of Miriam Van Waters."

Some five Commissioners of Correction regarded her program and administration with approval, and most of

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them gave her their enthusiastic support. Eventually, though, the commissionership came under the control of persons unable to appreciate the advanced and rational program at Framingham, and in January 1949 Dr. Van Waters was ousted on technicalities. Subsequently a distinguished commission appointed by the Governor summarily dismissed the charges against her, and she was reinstated.

For approximately eight years, hampered by the parochialism and vindictiveness of commissioners, Dr. Van Waters continued her administration. However, even her friends believe that she would have done more for the cause of enlightened correctional philosophy and practice if she had resigned after her vindication and acceded to demands the world over for her lectures and articles. Nevertheless, Dr. Van Waters emerged as the outstanding woman in American correctional history, distinguished as much for her dynamic personality as for her vision, courage, and determination.

Mr. Rowles has written a breezy, impressionistic, and appreciative biography of her, based on much diversified documentary material and many personal interviews. His book is reliable and clearly portrays the main stages in Dr. Van Waters's career. "The Lady at Box 99" will be absorbing even to those not professionally interested in criminals, their treatment and rehabilitation.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 989

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 989 will be found in the next issue.

OBB SAGTD LADDNSCK;

OFKABNCT SAGTD LADDNSCK OFKABNCTBE.

BADP OLCAY.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 988

An optimist is a fellow who believes a housefly is looking for a way to get out.

—GEORGE J. NATHAN.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 21

made good use of his knowledge. He is not concerned, however, with the mysteries of finance but with the human beings to be encountered downtown. Derrick is not, in Auchincloss's eyes, a villain, but he is not a likable individual. He is a cold man, except for his romantic passion for Geraldine; arrogant, merciless, contemptuous. After ten years of marriage Ida reflects: "His self-sufficiency had had the effect of encasing my feeling for him in a cold-storage cellar where all of its strength but not all of its sweetness had been perpetuated. I no longer liked many of my thoughts about Derrick." Derrick is the kind of character one can believe in but would just as soon not meet.

Ida, on the other hand, is likable though not always admirable. In spite of some feeble gestures of rebellion when she is an undergraduate at Barnard, she accepts the way of life into which she has been born. Strongly loyal to her family, she suffers her first great disillusionment with Derrick when he removes from the title of the firm the name of Uncle Linn Tremain, to whom he owes so much. But she is loyal to Derrick, too, and to the children she has borne him.

The great point about Ida is that she is not crushed by Derrick, although she might so easily have been. After they have been married for more than twenty years, he says: "Ida fascinates me. I've never been able to make the least dent in the wall of her preconceptions." She can act decisively and even unconventionally in the matter of her daughter's second marriage, and the strength she has held in reserve makes itself felt as Derrick's strength is waning. A relative tells her, "You have a whole arsenal of weapons that you've never even peeked into. Well, *peek!* Reach in, dearie, and fight for your life." She fights, all right, manipulating her son into the marriage she wants him to make, and preserving the position of her son-in-law. She is acute enough to know that she is adopting Derrick's role—"I had become, like him, a monster"—but she carries out the role with high efficiency, and Derrick in the end is grateful.

Auchincloss tells the story in a neat, dry style that repeatedly gives great pleasure. Of the relations between Derrick and Geraldine he observes, "The affair, like everything else in her life, including her brief conversion to the Catholic Church, turned out to be something of a disappointment. . . . It was hardly agreeable to feel like a piece of cheese which had fallen into the jaws of a patiently waiting fox or like another share of stock in the bursting Hartley portfolio."

THE astringent style is appropriate to Auchincloss's attitude. Unlike J. P. Marquand, whom he somewhat resembles in choice of subject matter, he is given neither to satire nor nostalgia. (Marquand was often divided between them.) Auchincloss takes his people completely for granted. "The rich are different from us," Scott Fitzgerald is supposed to have said. They are different, Auchincloss would seem to be replying, in interesting but essentially minor ways. They are like most of the rest of us in being neither spectacularly good nor spectacularly bad.

What distinguishes the novel, as I suggested at the outset, is its subtlety. Sometimes we have to be hit over the head, as James Baldwin hits us, and I have no doubt that I shall remember "Another Country" when "Portrait in Brownstone" has grown misty in my mind; but the world is not all of one piece, and the insights of an Auchincloss have their importance for us. The questions he raises are not cataclysmic, but they are persistent.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Closing Chorus for the MJQ

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

RUMORS of the imminent break-up of the Modern Jazz Quartet have proved to be only partly exaggerated. It is now definite (although still not official) that its members will henceforth be working together—with beards, neat dark suits and unison bows—only six months out of the year at most, and that its pianist-musical director John Lewis and its star soloist vibraphonist Milt Jackson will otherwise go their separate ways. This means that one of the most remarkably integrated ensembles in the history of jazz will be only semiactive. A classical ensemble would feel its career had just begun had it reached the stage when the MJQ feels its career must slacken, and it is surely a commentary on the nature of jazz that at the moment when these players have developed to near perfection their ability to improvise together, they apparently feel the threat of artistic repetition and lethargy.

One way and another, the MJQ seems to have reached nearly everyone —except perhaps a couple of critics. It has done so in part by demonstrating that jazz can retain its compelling rhythmic momentum and emotional immediacy at a pianissimo whisper of sound—a demonstration that certainly involves no artistic compromise. Perhaps it is time to cease carping about the Quartet's stiff stage presence and a somewhat grim preoccupation with its public demeanor.

Its achievements as an improvising ensemble are not the only thing that makes the group's work a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. For the Modern Jazz Quartet—along with a handful of other players and groups, particularly Thelonious Monk and Sonny Rollins—has provided a synthesis and summary of the achievements of nearly twenty years of modern jazz. Surely even partial inactivity for such a group signals the end of an era for the music.

The Modern Jazz Quartet was originally the rhythm section of the first (and still most likely) attempt at a modern big band, the 1947 Dizzy Gillespie orchestra. But it was not until 1951, when the "Milt Jackson Quartet" assembled for a recording date, that its members decided they found something special in playing together, and formed a cooperative group. Although Jackson, Lewis, drummer Kenny Clarke (later replaced by Connie Kay), and bassist Ray Brown (later Percy Heath) were among the most accomplished young players in jazz, recognition took a while, and the men found temporary jobs with other groups. By late 1954, however, everyone in the jazz world knew of the Modern Jazz Quartet and success was obviously at hand.

A large part of the subsequent success was due to John Lewis's awareness that more than just the jazz world had to hear about the Quartet. As musical director of the group, he had begun to extend its repertory so that it could not only perform nightclub "sets," but could offer longer programs which might legitimately ask an audience to sit attentively for an evening's music in a concert hall.

The group's early repertory was built around Milt Jackson's sweeping gifts as an improviser and consisted mostly of ballads and blues at medium and slow tempos. One of John Lewis's first contributions to the repertory was a piece called "Django," a cortege dedicated to the Belgian Gypsy guitarist-turned-jazzman, Django Reinhardt. "Django" is an exceptional composition and vehicle for improvisation, perhaps one of the few really successful "extended" pieces in the jazz repertory—a performance is apt to occupy the group for seven minutes. With its touching lyric theme, its harmonic framework for improvisation (which differs slightly from that implied by the theme), and its recurring archaic blues motifs, "Django" also obviously reflects the jazzman's heritage: it echos the New Orleans funeral procession, with its paradox of musical sadness and joy on the occasion of death, and it covers a range of feeling rare in a single jazz work.

Under Lewis's guidance the group has obviously rediscovered what jazzmen like Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington demonstrated in earlier styles: the secret balance between what is written and prearranged and what is improvised in performance by the individual player—a balance and synthesis that can make the work of even the best jazzmen even more effective.

Not that one can be equally sympathetic with all of Lewis's writing. The group once improvised on "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," for example, with a straightforward creativeness that turned that little operetta ditty into melody sublime. The players still do, but now a performance of "Softly" begins and ends with a couple of extrinsic filigrees Lewis has lifted from Johann Sebastian Bach.

True, Lewis does sometimes find a legitimate and ungimmicked expression in the idiom of the eighteenth century. There are several fugues in the Quartet's repertory, and the first of them, "Vendome," still seems a kind of point-

Modern Jazz Quartet—"the end of an era for the music."

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The Modern Jazz Quartet's first recordings are currently available on Savoy, MG-12406, an LP including early versions of "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," "Bluesology," "'Round Midnight"—and unfortunately including some pitch wavers which crept in during remastering.

The first version of "Django" is now on Prestige 7057; a later one is on Atlantic 1325. A still later one is a part of the exceptional "European Concert" set ("Bluesology," "Festival Sketch," "Pyramid," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "The Cylinder," "'Round Midnight," "Bags' Groove," etc.) on Atlantic 2-603 and now available singly on Atlantic 1385 and 1386.

The early "Vendome" is on Prestige 7059. "Concord" is on Prestige 7005, "Versailles" on Atlantic 1231, and "Three Windows" on Atlantic 1284. Atlantic 1284 also offers "The Golden Striker."

The evolution of Lewis's "Parker's Mood" solo can be heard on three different "takes" on Savoy 12000 and 12009. His best "I Remember Clifford" is on Atlantic 1375, as is the most successful version of "Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West."

"Three Little Feelings" is now a collector's item on the out-of-print Columbia CL 941. Also out of print is United Artists 4061, Lewis's sound track score for "Odds Against Tomorrow."

less neoclassic exercise, smacking of the cute cocktail-lounge stunt. But with "Concord," "Versailles," and "Three Windows," we have obviously arrived at a real jazz-fugue which reminds us more of the group improvising of King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band than of the conservatory practice room.

Lewis stands with one foot firmly planted in the jazz tradition in America nd the other sometimes toeing the European continent; with pieces like "Versailles" he seems to have both feet on equally sure ground. The history of jazz is a history of constant borrowing from European music. In itself, the borrowing doesn't mean a thing; what matters is the Herculean, perhaps Promethean, task of transmuting and assimilating the borrowed materials into the jazz idiom, and putting them to a creative use. With the later fugues, Lewis and the Quartet have performed that task.

In his early recordings with bebop quintets, John Lewis seemed sometimes uncomfortable, and, alternately, almost brilliant—as in his celebrated blues solo on Charlie Parker's "Parker's Mood." As Lewis has developed, his piano has become simpler, more directly melodic, and more directly dependent on his thorough knowledge of earlier players like Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Count Basie. His recent performance of "I Remember Clifford" is almost a summary of those players plus John Lewis, with a rare and subtle projection of quiet, introverted feeling. Even more basic is a piece like his eloquently imple blues called "Two Degrees East, hree Degrees West," a wonderful, modern rehabilitation of fundamental blues phrases. "The Golden Striker," another much-played Lewis piece, might quite legitimately be called an up-to-date reassessment of the 1920s "Bugle Call Rag."

The jazz fan's often-mumbled protest that nowadays the Quartet inhibits Milt Jackson seems particularly incongruous. Granted that there are some occasionally pompous Lewis ventures like "The Comedy," wherein Jackson is asked to execute fairly academic "effects," but in contrast there is the fact that, for example, no more than eight bars of "Concord" have ever been put on paper, the rest being made up in performance each time. Jackson has continued to make recordings on his own, but his best work on records has been done with the Quartet. His own playing has grown technically and emotionally, and that growth is obviously due largely to the Quartet's repertory. Supposedly the earthy and uncluttered member of the group, Jackson has a sentimental streak which is laid out at rather appalling length on slow ballads—on the group's "Gershwin Medley" and on the mawkish cadenza he performs on "How High the Moon," for examples. There exists a quite wonderful comparison in Jackson's two recorded versions of "Willow Weep for Me." On the earlier one, Thelonious Monk's orderly and forceful accompaniment discourages Jackson's tendency to lushness successfully, but Lewis's later accompaniment does not.

A two-record set called "European Concert," released last year and currently being repackaged as two single LPs, is almost a summary of the Modern Jazz Quartet's career and contains performances of such near sublimity that the decision for a semiactivity seems almost inevitable. "Bluesology" (one of the pieces from the 1951 repertory) and "Festival Sketch" have a marvelously spontaneous contrapuntal interplay between Jackson and Lewis and an exemplary group swing. There is a version of Duke Ellington's "It Don't Mean a Thing" on which Lewis begins his piano section with no accompaniment, an acutely effective suspense which is relieved by Jackson's entrance behind him (building wonderfully complementary melodic patterns), and finally resolved as Heath's bass and Kay's drums join them in quiet pulsation.

Also on "European Concert" is a version of "Django" (the third on records), and another fruitful exploration by Jackson of Thelonious Monk's brooding "'Round Midnight." There are several other blues pieces: besides "Bluesology," there are "The Cylinder," "Bags' Groove," and a perhaps slightly too-long "Pyramid." On the other hand, "Vendome" still seems stilted, even though this version swings better, and "I'll Remember April" is a fast test piece for the players rather than a finished work—but the set has few such shortcomings.

If the Quartet's future holds six months a year of such excellent, cooperative group playing, it will hold rewards for its listeners even if it no longer holds greater challenges for its members. During the rest of the year, Heath and Kay will come off second best, for bass players and drummers are seldom "stars" unless they have the special qualities of personality that can make them leaders of their own groups, qualities neither of these men has. Jackson will perform perhaps with his own groups or perhaps as a featured player with others. He will probably play as well as he does now with the Quartet—and perhaps no better.

Lewis's future career seems much more problematic; since it risks larger, more challenging success, it also risks larger failure. The future will undoubtedly find him as composer and conductor of his own works for various kinds of ensembles and in various milieus. If his projects lead Lewis into more things like his strange, academic scoring of "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen" for plodding strings, or like his curiously faltering ballet score for the San Francisco Company "Original Sin," or his recent mishmash of a film score called the "Milan Story," they may lead him to a stunted pretentiousness. On the other hand, outside the Quartet, Lewis already has such firm achievements to his credit as his beautifully conceived piece for brass orchestra and Miles Davis called "Three Little Feelings" and his opening exposition in his film score for "Odds Against Tomorrow." If his future includes similar accomplishments, it may take him further as a composer than the Quartet could ever take him—even than the Quartet playing "Django" or "Two Degrees East" or "The Golden Striker."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Billy Byers: "Impressions of Duke Ellington." Byers, arranger, conductor and trombone; with 21-piece band. Mercury PPS 2028, $4.98; stereo 6028, $5.98.	Byers largely succeeds where many others have failed, though he uses twenty-one men as compared with the master's fifteen. He has understood the importance of mutes, color, and dynamic contrasts in the Ellington "method," and he has wisely avoided comparison with Duke's peerless saxophone section by employing combinations of reeds, French horns, and tuba. If Byers's humor is rather unsubtle on "A Train" and "Caravan," his treatment of "Mood Indigo" and "Solitude" is strikingly fresh and appropriate. Certain invidious comparisons may be made in respect to soloists—there are just no substitutes for Hodges and Carney—but he is very well served by the trumpets of Clark Terry, Joe Newman, and Ernie Royal, and the tenor saxophone of Eric Dixon. The recording quality is excellent.
Buck Clayton and Buddy Tate: "Buck and Buddy Blow the Blues." Clayton, trumpet; Tate, tenor saxophone; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Swingville 2030, $4.98.	The advantages of grouping musicians who express themselves in a common idiom are very evident in this consistently swinging set. With the possible exception of Count Basie himself, Sir Charles Thompson is the ideal pianist for Clayton and Tate. An imaginative and tasteful soloist, and a knowing, resourceful accompanist, his central contribution is considerably responsible for the buoyancy of all seven performances here. Clayton is in good form and he communicates emotion subtly in well-organized solos. Tate's robust and direct tenor is always stirring on the blues, and he has a rhythmic assurance that is physically moving.
Slide Hampton: "Jazz with a Twist." Hampton, Benny Jacobs-El, trombones; Willie Thomas, Hobart Dotson, trumpets; George Coleman, tenor saxophone; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Ray Barretto, conga; Vinnie Ruggiero, drums. Atlantic 1379, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Hampton works wonders with his ten men and they come on with a brassy roar which recalls the sound of some of Stan Kenton's top-heavy outfits. But after the first impression, relief becomes desirable. There is not enough light and shade. The band seems to be shouting all the time. Increased use of mutes would enhance Hampton's achievements as an arranger. He and George Coleman are able soloists in the prevailing idiom, but the music as a whole seems too stiff for the world of boneless twisters to which it is addressed.
Coleman Hawkins: "Good Old Broadway." Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holley, bass; Eddie Locke, drums. Moodsville 23. "The Jazz Version of 'No Strings'." Same personnel. Moodsville 25, mono and stereo $4.98.	In Moodsville, jazz musicians are expected to play pretty ballads prettily and to reduce their natural animation to a level that is lazily amorous but not soporific. So here the greatness of Coleman Hawkins is frequently under wraps, but the first of these albums will prove enjoyable enough at those times when the listener does not require tension and bustling excitement. The routine on most numbers consists of a melodic first chorus by Hawkins, a second chorus of smooth variations by his preferred pianist, Tommy Flanagan, and a third in which the tenor saxophonist returns to improvise with varying degrees of warmth and enthusiasm. However, the unhooded passages on such titles as "Strange Music" and "Here I'll Stay" would make the reputation of any other player.
Jon Hendricks; "Fast Livin' Blues." Hendricks, vocal; Joe Newman, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Pony Poindexter, alto and soprano saxophones; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; Freddie Greene, guitar; Ike Isaacs, bass; Stu Martin, drums. Columbia CL 1805, $3.98; stereo CS 8605, $4.98.	Without his usual singing associates, Hendricks kicks up his heels in an album which allows plenty of space for the accompanying musicians, all of whom play well. As a group, they excel in the sombre backgrounds to "Do You Call That a Buddy?" Al Grey plays a fine, plunger-muted commentary on "Fast Livin' Blues," a number dedicated to the advantages of living at a "turtle's pace." Joe Newman's sensitive trumpet, full of blues feeling, is impressive on this and "Contemporary Blues," while Poindexter's volatile soprano is a feature of the second side.
Donald Lambert: "Giant Stride." Lambert, piano, with drums. Solo Art BJ 18001, $4.98.	The one sad aspect of this album is that its release almost coincided with the artist's death. A pianist of the illustrious Harlem "stride" school which produced James P. Johnson, Willie "The Lion" Smith, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington among others, Lambert was content to work for nearly twenty years in a New Jersey bar. His playing is expansive, full of melodic gaiety, and very firmly underlined by an expressive left hand. The well-chosen material enables him to display his considerable technical and inventive ability adequately. Besides driving, up-tempo performances typical of the "stride" style, there are sensitive ballad explorations and an intriguing tango in the line of James P. Johnson's "The Dream" and Jelly Roll Morton's "Spanish Tinge."
Horace Parlan: "Headin' South." Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Blue Note 4062, $4.98.	These are hard times for the reviewer allergic to bongos and conga drums. It is difficult to account for their presence on so many records unless some branch of the jazz drummer's techniques is being insidiously atrophied. One number here is something of a showcase for Ray Barretto, but Al Harewood could obviously have met all percussive requirements on the others. Faced with a physical handicap akin to Django Reinhardt's, Parlan has overcome it and developed an attractive and individual style. The economy of his playing on "Jim Loves Sue," the blues conception on "Low Down," and his transformation of "My Mother's Eyes" are all refreshing. And on "Summertime" George Tucker proves that he is, as Parlan claims, "one of the few bassists who can use a bow and not sound like bees or wasps."
Jimmy Smith: "Bashin'." Smith, organ, accompanied on first side by a sixteen-piece band, and on the second by Jimmy Warren, guitar; Don Bailey, drums. Verve V 8474, $4.98; stereo $5.98.	The exciting big-band arrangements on the first side prove an excellent setting for Smith's ingenious organ playing. They are by Oliver Nelson, one of the most satisfying arrangers to appear in several years. "Ol' Man River" and "In a Mellotone," both at easy, rocking tempos, are particularly successful, and in each Smith swings insistently with restrained use of his instrument's potential. A figuratively light touch is also in evidence in three long, unpretentious performances by the trio.
Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson: "Back Door Blues." Vinson, vocals and alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Riverside RLP 3502, $3.98; stereo, RLP 93502, $4.98.	Cannonball Adderley is to be commended for returning Cleanhead Vinson to the recording studio. A strongly rhythmic blues artist, Vinson originally came to the fore in Cootie Williams's big band. Since then, new fashions have made their influence felt in his singing. That of Joe Williams is apparent in the opening number; in "This Time" there's the contemporary gospel flavor; and in "Audrey" the ballad style is more suited to the front than the back door. He finds a better groove on "Kidney Stew," "Hold It," and "Back Door Blues," and plays alto saxophone on the first as well as on two originals.

—STANLEY DANCE.

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Rachmaninoff, Home and Home

By JAN HOLCMAN

THE PIANISTIC exchange with Russia, now approaching a second half-decade, has been moving along two independent but parallel tracks. One consists of carefully selected musical athletes competing in a kind of pianistic Olympics —but not directly against each other. The other may be likened to an international exchange of flying platters bearing sonic cosmonauts in impersonal but direct competition.

One "event" attracting equal attention from both sides and in both forms could be called the Rachmaninoff Stakes, taking in both short, middle, and long-distance performances. It is worthwhile for us to hear his works as conceived by modern Soviet pianists, who have been cultivating this composer with undiminished devotion. Reciprocally they could profit by attention to the treatment of his works by our pianists, who are the closer to him because the last decades of his life were spent in the West as composer, pianist, conductor, and composer-pianist-conductor.

In the lengthier category of the concertos, American pianism is soundly represented by Byron Janis and Van Cliburn as well as by the late William Kapell, among others. The latest competitor from the USSR is the hitherto unheralded Lazar Berman, whose first disc (lacking, as usual, essential data) includes the Six Moments Musicaux (Artia MK 1577, $4.98) which are available also in performances by the American pianist Elly Kassman (Lyrichord LL 61, $4.98). Berman, who is about forty years of age, and a fully-armed virtuoso, is not in the category of his senior colleagues Gilels (general mastery), Richter (individual approaches), or Ginsburg (chemical clarity). Neither does he appear as sensitive as his junior colleague Ashkenazy, nor as "perfect" as Bela Davidovitch, judging from her ideal Chopin readings. His speed and dynamics at times override precision, marred by somewhat undiscriminating pedalling. He is most secure in the production of large masses of sound, for which his apparatus is well suited; on a calmer dynamic plateau his communication becomes less fascinating.

In his explosive, and perhaps finest reading—the second Moment Musical —Berman clearly follows the composer's own version, replete with stormy crescendos and sustained evocative melody. Although it is more difficult to originate an interpretation, it is less objectionable to follow a composer's performance of his own work than to copy that composer's rendition of other composers. Here Miss Kassman generates lower voltage and slower frequency.

In the fourth Moment, musical cousin of the second, Berman's awesome approach again comes closer to the spirit of Rachmaninoff (the pianist) than does Kassman's. Expressive dynamics, courage, and endurance are his trump cards. This very effective piece, with its curious Bach organ sequence, used to be a specialty of Flier's (the left hand!) and has been meticulously recorded on 78s by Rachmaninoff's Paladin, Moiseiwitsch, who reconciles a rather dry manner with an admirable tone. Notwithstanding a number of superior qualities, Moiseiwitsch's conception does not emerge as a gradually developed plan.

In an as yet unmarketed sample, Nikolayeva's reading of this same piece maintains a distinct continuity, although it is too generously pedalled, and, incidentally, bears, in some respects, a strange resemblance to Berman's reading. Both might have studied under the same teacher.

In No. 5, Berman's tranquil opening discloses nothing unusual, except the bare fact that Rachmaninoff did not record this piece. Even in declamatory sections, Berman appears less arresting than Nikolayeva, who chooses a more persuasive punctuation. Her climaxes are better constructed and more exciting, her oratorical statements more dramatic. In this comparison, Kassman's polite, almost indifferent eloquence could serve as excellent background music, where Nikolayeva, on the contrary, would have a distinctly disturbing effect on any occupation other than listening.

Berman ascends a radiant dynamic ladder in the third, without doing too much with it otherwise, and again conjures up regrets that Rachmaninoff did not record this piece either. Miss Kassman is less massive in the peaks, and with her it takes quite a while to get through some of these "moments." Berman is the more expressive exponent in No. 1, with a meditative legato, and well-punctuated, if slightly thick, polyphony in the left hand linking his impressive climaxes. It is here that Miss Kassman's finger work is neater.

In the final piece, No. 6, with its quasi-Schumannesque texture, Kassman's good pianistic capacities are of no avail in passages which sound repetitious. Berman shows once more how Russian pianists, or at least some of them, have taken to heart Rachmaninoff's own performing art, although basic faculties of Berman, for all his temperament, are by no means congenial to those of his model. Berman's pedalling leaves some questionable echoes, while a jumping groove accelerating the performance may lead the optimist to believe that there is an altruistic intention to save the reviewer's precious time by sending him an abridged copy.

The other side of Berman's disc is also the reversal of his pianistic coin. The traumatic impact of his full-bodied attack on the Scriabin Fantasia is mildly affected by pedalling problems surmounted by very few artists. The Chopin octave study, the fastest in existence, must astonish everyone by its colossal speed and power rather than by Berman's pedal reflexes. Pastoral calm, following a set of thundering fortissimos, offers little more than an average rubato and it is the recapitulation which will again amaze all listeners by a prolific octave turbine, operated by this swift-handed Russian courser, whose virtuosity is more akin to that of the earlier emigré Simon Barere, than to the previous Soviet generation of Zaks, Ginsburgs, and Oborins.

How much our own pianists could profit from Berman's recent release is a question of individual needs. In any case, it is safe to compare his powerful pianism to that of a local talent, Katchen. How profitable all these exchanges of musical ideas between two keyboard castes can be is, also, up to each individual, the present facts suggesting that in tonal talks we get along rather well with the Russians, for each party is more attracted to than afraid of the other, and mutual respect is not hindered by competitive strain.

To balance the ledger, let us raise some echoes of Berman's contemporary and our own prize export, Byron Janis, who won unanimous acclaim in his second Russian tour with much Rachmaninoff in his hands. Mercury Records will be the first American company to be permitted to record in Russia with its own equipment, and their studio-on-wheels will bring Janis's F sharp minor Concerto and Paganini Rhapsody back home intact. Also this suggests that the Russians will benefit in their own recordings by seeing "how it is done" by the Mercury experts.

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MOSTLY MODERNISTS

Troublesome Players

"THE NEW TRISTANO" (Atlantic 1357) is a frustrating experience, and perhaps that is as it should be. It is an unaccompanied piano recital by Lennie Tristano, and Tristano has long been a frustration, and even "a dubious jazzman," to critics and historians. (The jazz journalists know better; they just call him "cool.")

Along with such pupils and associates as saxophonists Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh and guitarist Billy Bauer, he arrived in New York in 1946, when modern jazz was still young. He brought a fluttering sense of melody and a highly personal approach to harmony, and his style reflected an indebtedness to jazz as recent as Lester Young's and as distant as Bix Beiderbecke's. Category aside, Tristano and his associates made charming music. Some of the best of it was recorded for Capitol and carelessly scattered across several LPs and EPs, none of which is currently available, but there is representative Tristano-Konitz-Bauer on Prestige 7004. In the mid-Fifties, the pianist did a varied solo recital for Atlantic (1224) which contained a "Requiem" for Charlie Parker, a blues played with an elementary passion otherwise rare in his work.

Tristano can also be troublesome to a listener who isn't bothered by historians' categories, for it seems that he plays either with a strong creative involvement or with none at all, and that is what makes "The New Tristano" frustrating. On "Scenes and Variations," "G Minor Complex," and "Deliberation" (the latter still another Tristano variant on "Indiana"), we seem to be overhearing him at practice, and the performances have the deadly predictability of exercises. On the other hand, "Love Lines" (built on "You Don't Know What Love Means") and "C Minor Complex" are full of commitment, and the entire recital reflects a dedication on Tristano's part to expand his musical language.

Now, almost twenty years after the emergence of modern jazz, there is plenty of evidence of further change, and in the person of the composer-pianist Cecil Taylor that evidence has actually been at hand for several years. Taylor contributed to a curious LP mixture called "Into the Hot" (Impulse A9/S), labeled as by "The Gil Evans Orchestra." Apparently Evans went for coffee while two of his favorite composers did the work. Johnny Carisi led a big band through three sophisticated but conservative and occasionally bland scores. And Taylor involved himself in some seething improvisations on his own pieces by a quintet. On "Bulbs," a strong bluesy theme gradually emerges from a collective brooding, with Taylor darting in the background. Saxophonists Archie Shepp and Jimmy Lyons improvise, the theme reemerges, dissonant hints return, and the piece resolves.

The men achieve a continuous performance here in which the theme-statement seems a part of the improvisation, and the variations part of a single linear development. "Mixed" adds two brass to the group and juxtaposes poised calm with patches of almost turbulent simultaneous improvising by the leader's percussive piano and his players. Taylor's playing still reflects his knowledge of contemporary classical practices but these become more and more assimilated. The germ idea of "Mixed," for example, is a simple jazz riff as old as they come. Taylor's third contribution is "Pots," which might be called a hyper-modern swinger.

TWO other players often associated with the advance guard are Ron Carter, who plays cello and bass, and Eric Dolphy, who plays reeds. However, "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," on an LP called "Where?" (New Jazz 8265), led by Carter and featuring Dolphy, is evidence of a fundamental conservatism. Dolphy's first variation, for instance, contains some exceptional notes, but it follows the piece in a perfectly regular manner—indeed his bridge is almost reactionary—and Carter's adeptly bowed solo is full of commonplace licks and riffs. A charming performance on the same LP pits Carter against his elder bassist George Duvivier in a blues "Bass Duet."

There is now recorded evidence of a singer who can improvise a meaningful atonality. It is on RCA Victor LPM/LSP-2500, a set called, in a sort of disc jockey's archaism, "The Newest Sound Around," by Jeanne Lee and pianist Ran Blake. It might set up false expectations to call them jazz performers, and their work probably won't produce any finger-popping. On more or less traditional pieces like "Evil Blues" or "Blue Monk," they offer a personal, highly intriguing abstraction of jazz. It would be hard for even the most experienced singer to sustain the rather static moodiness that Miss Lee offers on "Laura" and "Where Flamingos Fly," and the impression of gospel music that Blake attempts on "Church on Russell Street" is not quite successful. But they do a brief "Love Isn't Everything" with engaging succinctness and, most important, when Miss Lee veers from the tonality of "Lover Man" or "When Sonny Gets Blue," she does so with real artistry and poise and achieves a sound emotional effect.

OF ALL the innovation jazz has recently experienced, that offered it by Ornette Coleman has proved most troublesome to certain musicians and commentators. But Coleman is obviously developing his musical language by an extension of jazz, with hardly a glance at modern classicism. Further, his frequently oblique intonation is actually a matter of elevating the jazzman's traditional blue notes and "vocalized" inflections from occasional effects into first melodic principles. Probably the trouble comes because Coleman offers new and unfamiliar ways of phrasing and new concepts of rhythm. But such expansion should be evidence of his authenticity, for basically it was rhythmic innovation that both Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker offered the music before him. The most frequent charge is that Coleman's improvisations invite artistic chaos. Evidence of the sort of challenging order Coleman's playing does offer can be heard in his brooding solo on "R.P.D.D." in "Ornette!" (Atlantic 1378/S). He plays a chain of sequential ideas, each gradually altered and turned in several ingeniously musical ways—a more challenging discipline than playing phrases to a repetitive chord structure, and one perhaps more easy to follow. The set also offers an intriguingly instructive Coleman theme called "C & D.," a hair-raisingly complex drum solo by Ed Blackwell on "T & T." (no titles this time, apparently, just initials), and throughout there is brilliantly inventive solo and ensemble bass playing by the late Scott LaFaro.

—M. W.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Vienna's Festival Marathon

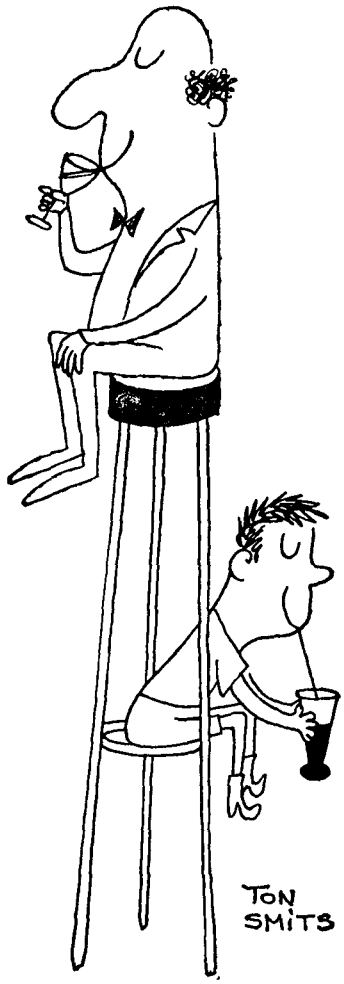
VIENNA.

THIS year's *Wiener Festwochen* were a festival marathon for sturdy connoisseurs and robust aficionados. The various organizers had obviously engaged in a competitive merry-go-round, and when there was a great concert in one hall, there were five other tempting events the same night elsewhere. In fact, the *Festwochen* had everything, including thirty-seven different conductors, and four "cycles" (a baroque-to-early classic cycle, and Brahms, Berg, Stravinsky cycles), yes, everything except a sense of direction. Sooner or later the Viennese will have to publish special guidebooks for *Festwochen* visitors, rating the events with stars, suggesting shortcuts and offering methods of How to Be in Three Places at the Same Time.

The big event this year was the reopening of the Theater an der Wien, on whose rebuilding the City of Vienna has spent almost four million dollars. The lovely, 161-year-old house with its great past has been redecorated in the old style, and its acoustics have been altered by shortening the reverberation. It is again one of the most beautiful theatres on earth, and our gratitude goes to Egon Hilbert, who pleaded for restoration of the run-down place when plans were made to turn it into a garage or storage building. Accordingly, no notice was taken of Hilbert (who is Intendant of the *Festwochen*) in the official speeches, while the politicians took all the credit.

Hilbert had set up ambitious programs, performances of Beethoven works that had been first heard in this house between 1803 and 1808—the Leonore Overture No. 3, the Second, Third and Fifth Symphonies, the Violin Concerto, and other works. The opening performance was Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," which had been performed here in 1802 (eleven years after its Viennese première at the older Freihaus Theater). The production was not a complete success. Günther Schneider-Siemssen's set and Charlotte Flemming's costumes created a fairy-tale atmosphere with wonderful sights to behold, a baroque, Oriental never-never land; and Rudolf Hartmann, the producer, did a workmanlike though not spectacular job. But Karajan's reading of the score seemed strangely detached; he conducted beautiful music, but one missed the genius, the humor, the charm of Mozart. Somehow the performance never got off the ground and into the upper regions of the stratosphere where Mozart should take you. Wilma Lipp was a charming Pamina and Erich Kunz a happy Papageno, but the other performers seemed not up to the "Mozartstil" that had been created in this very theatre at the end of the last war by Hilbert's State Opera Company under Josef Krips.

The other production of the Theater an der Wien, the first Viennese performance of Alban Berg's "Lulu," didn't satisfy either but for a different reason. This was a magnificent performance of a disturbing and often disappointing work. The fault is not Berg's but Wedekind's. It is said that Berg for years hesitated whether he should make an opera out of "The Dybbuk" and finally decided to use Wedekind's "Erdgeist" and "Büchse der Pandora" in his libretto. Too bad, because Wedekind's *tour de force* is synthetic, unconvincing, and often downright silly. It may have seemed great to the avant-garde in Berlin after World War I. Today it's merely ludicrous, a creation out of a littérateur's retort. Neither Lulu nor the characters around her have any relation to human beings, and even Berg's masterly effort cannot make them human. His musical skill is immense and his virtuoso domination of the twelve-tone scale admirable—but unlike in "Wozzeck," where we have compassion for the protagonist and suffer with him, we are merely bored by the exploits of Lulu, who sings weird coloraturas like Spalanzani's Olympia in "Tales of Hoffmann." No wonder, for Lulu is as synthetic as Olympia and Berg didn't provide the magic glasses that would make her appear human to us.



Karl Böhm conducted the Wiener Symphoniker in this great performance with authority, and the orchestra played with amazing perception. Caspar Neher's sets and Hill Reihs-Gromes's costumes created a weird, bizarre fin-de-siècle world with plush and cancan stockings. Evelyn Lear gave a stunning performance as the incredible Lulu; occasionally she even managed to make the character a real woman. Her singing was brilliant and her acting always convincing. Paul Schöffler, Rudolf Schock, and other members of a large cast were all excellent, but there was a gasp (of relief, I suppose) when Lulu came to her untimely end at the hands of Jack the Ripper.

At the Staatsoper, Karajan conducted a musically magnificent "Ring," perhaps the most exciting music that the Vienna Philharmonic has played for a long time under Karajan's baton. For musical and lyrical beauty these performances can hardly be surpassed, and the imperfections of Karajan's staging had to be accepted with patience. True, it was often so dark you couldn't see anything, but the music was always beautiful. Birgit Nilsson and Hans Hotter dominated the "Ring."

The Society of the Musikfreunde celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth year with a music-gastronomical menu that started out with a wonderful Ninth Bruckner (under the Society's musical director for life, Karajan) and ended with a great Seventh Bruckner, under Böhm. In between there were scores of concerts for high- and middle-brows but never for low-brows, because the Society wouldn't do that. I suppose the low-brows stole out into the gardens of Grinzing and Nussdorf to listen to the zither players at the Heuriger.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG.

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The Bell System helps thousands of small businesses to get started, to grow, to employ more people

Western Electric buyer (left) discusses order with president of one of the many small businesses which supply the Bell System with a wide range of tools, parts and machinery.

The Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit, the Western Electric Company, bought raw materials, supplies, equipment, etc., from nearly 40,000 other firms last year.

Nine out of ten were small businesses. They did a fine job for us and we appreciate it greatly. At the same time, our purchases of $1,200,000,000 meant a great deal to them and their millions of employees.

A large part of the money we received from our customers, while it made our own figures look bigger, went right out to help thousands of small businesses.

Our interests and theirs are intertwined. They, too, because of jobs and wages and business, have a vital stake in anything that concerns the Bell System.

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COMMUNICATIONS

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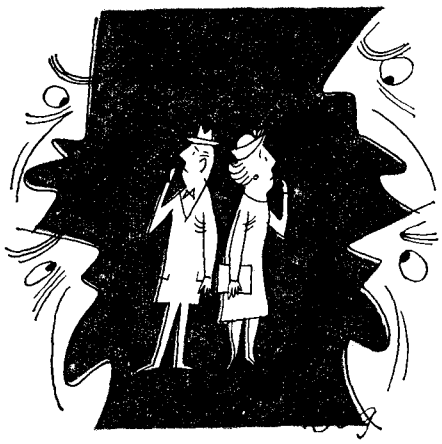

Are Libel and Slander Suits Unconstitutional?

IN ALMOST a quarter of a century on the bench of the U.S. Supreme Court, Justice Hugo L. Black has been a most forceful and prominent advocate of the philosophy that there should be no abridgement of the right to speak or write freely. Recently he expressed in the *New York University Law Review* an opinion that the U.S. Constitution actually prohibits all damage suits for slander and libel since the First Amendment provides: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging freedom of speech or of the press." Justice Black's position is that suits for slander and libel conflict with the First Amendment's guarantees of freedom of press and speech. He shows us once again that he is by all odds the foremost exponent of the view that no speech or writing should be punished as such.

In an interview by Professor Edmond Cahn of the NYU Law School, Justice Black puts his position in these words: "I believe when our Founding Fathers, with their wisdom and patriotism, wrote this amendment, they wanted to ordain that Congress, elected by the people, should not tell the people what religion they should have or what they should believe or say or publish, and that is about it. It says 'no law,' and that is what I believe it means."

Specifically concerning libel and slander actions, Justice Black says he has no doubt that the framers of the Constitution intended through the First Amendment that there should be no federal libel or slander law and that this extends through the states. He agrees with those who wrote our Constitution that "too much power in the hands of officials is a dangerous thing. . . . There have been very few individuals in the history of the world who could be trusted with complete, unadulterated, omnipotent power over their fellow men."

Since actions for defamation are traditional and familiar in our legal structure, Justice Black's views are startling and probably new to most modern Americans. He states in his interview: "I do not believe myself that there is any halfway ground if you enforce the protections of the First Amendment. I believe with Jefferson that it is time enough for government to step in to regulate people when they *do* something, not when they *say* something."

As all good communicators know, the laws of libel have arisen as checks and balances in the ever-familiar process of protection versus freedom. Spoken words classified as injurious to a person, with malice implied or expressed, are known as slander; defamation of a person, with malice implied or expressed, through writing, printing, pictures, or other permanent record, is known as libel. Through both these common legal recourses, a citizen's constitutional right to speak or publish in absolute immunity and freedom is, in a sense, modified or balanced by penalties in the law codes of every state defending those who may be libeled, slandered, or otherwise hurt by that speech or publication. These legal penalties are the only protection the slandered and libeled have; without them a democracy is unbalanced.

Now a member of our Supreme Court tells us that all suits for slander

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and libel may well be unconstitutional because they contradict the specifics of the Bill of Rights which, to Justice Black, means what it says, literally. This is an astonishing premise and a very exciting one, and we are greatly indebted to Justice Black for stretching our minds, even if we do not agree as to practical matters. For ultimately it is in the world of the practical that his premise fails in the America of the 1960s, though who is to say that one glorious day the human race will not be so advanced that pure free speech will at last be a practicality?

The fundamental difficulty of Justice Black's position is that it robs the voiceless little man, the unimportant, the defenseless (as well as the vociferous and battle-hardened) of the right to legal recourse against defamation and persecution. In our system of balances and checks, few Americans have access themselves to news columns or editorial pages. Yet they are often subjected to unjust defamation and persecution from columnists and editorial writers, even when the latter are under the threat of possible suit for libel. A scurrilous news report or opinion constitutes, moreover, far more than just "saying something." It is, in most libels, a definite act which satisfies Justice Black's own definition: ". . .when they *do* something."

Libel and the results of libel can be very real to the injured. Were it not for the legal restraints of law, the vicious and irresponsible would turn freedom into license, and lord-of-the-manor journalistic feudalism would eventually choke our democracy. For uncontrolled license destroys a freedom fundamental to the U.S. Constitution, which nowhere states but everywhere suggests the right of the innocent to be left alone. —R.L.T.

The Permanency of Type

"Many things that are defamatory may be said with impunity through the medium of speech. Not so, however, when speech is caught upon the wing and transmuted into print. What gives the sting to the writing is its permanence of form. The spoken word dissolves, but the written one abides and 'perpetuates the scandal.' "

—Justice Benjamin Cardozo in the U.S. Supreme Court.

Letters to the Communications Editor

FROM GENERAL FOODS VIA Y.&R.

DURING THE PAST WEEKEND I caught up with your editorial on advertising ethics [*SR*, June 9].

Your support of the new AAAA code undoubtedly will be appreciated by that organization. Your comment about Maxwell House Coffee pricing, however, cannot possibly be appreciated by General Foods . . . nor by us. We share with General Foods their diligence in protecting their consumer franchises that have been built so carefully over the years. By associating General Foods with words like "false" and "deceptive" your editorial does a disservice to that corporation.

The facts in the incident of the FDA pickup were explained in a General Foods statement as early as May 4. Young & Rubicam has worked with General Foods for thirty-eight years. My own experience with GF and its people has been an intimate working relationship that covers the past nineteen years. We know of no company, large or small, less given to what you call "shenanigans."

HARRY HARDING,
Executive Vice President,
Young & Rubicam, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

(Statement From General Foods)

General Foods had decided some months ago to eliminate the word "economy" on the 10-ounce size of Instant Maxwell House Coffee and was well along toward making label and jar lid changes when a quantity of this product was seized at the National Tea Company in Chicago by the Food and Drug Administration. Arthur E. Larkin, Jr., vice-president and general manager of the company's Maxwell House division, has so advised wholesale and retail distributors.

Mr. Larkin pointed out that while manufacturers' prices do constitute a base or starting point, each retailer ultimately sets the actual shelf prices to the consumer. "Our per-ounce Instant Maxwell House Coffee list prices to the grocery trade," Mr. Larkin said, "represent substantial economies in both the larger sizes (6-ounce and 10-ounce) over the 2-ounce size. The packaging change on the 10-ounce size was decided on because of the possibility that, in especially competitive markets, the differential in General Foods pricing to distributors between the 10-ounce jar and the 6-ounce jar might not be large enough to withstand the growing retail trend to feature the popular 6-ounce size at reduced prices.

"New labels and metal lids for the product's glass jars were ordered shortly after the first of the year," Mr. Larkin said. "These new packaging materials were first used toward the end of February, and are now being used exclusively by all four Maxwell House plants."

ADVERTISING IS COMMUNICATION

YOUR COMMUNICATIONS SECTION [*SR*, May 12] included two letters (by David Tillson and Robert E. Peterson) that typify one form of criticism often heard about advertising. These critics imply that the very existence of advertising is undesirable, and that its elimination would somehow rid us of the social and economic shortcomings which the critics associate with advertising.

This sort of reasoning seems shortsighted. The institution of advertising is nothing more than one of several methods that businessmen and others use to communicate information and ideas. As such advertising has no will of its own, it is neither good nor bad of itself. If deprived of advertising I assume its users would simply substitute some other form of communication.

I am in no way suggesting that advertisements as a whole are unethical, any more than I am suggesting that all advertisements are free from deception or bad taste. But to imply that by eliminating advertising we would be rid of false and misleading statements is hardly realistic. The basis of the problem is the honesty and ethical standards of the advertiser. Efforts toward improvement should be directed at the advertiser and not the tools he uses, if any really effective change is to occur.

HOMER DALBEY,
Assistant Professor of
Business Administration,
Oregon State University.
Corvallis, Ore.

"THE LESSON OF A.T.&T."

YOUR accurately phrased and pertinent article, "The Lesson of A.T.&T." [*SR*, June 9] makes too brief mention of James D. Ellsworth, assistant to President Vail, in the development of the company's public relations policy.

Representing N. W. Ayer as copy writer, I wrote many of the early "policy" advertisements (about 1912 to 1916). I was closely associated with Ellsworth, knew him well, and respected his fine conception of the meaning of honest public relations.

He had been a newspaper man, and had a fair knowledge and understanding of men and women "who are the public." He had a large part in defining the Bell System policy of those formative years.

As an advertising man, I learned much from Jim Ellsworth.

LOUIS E. SEABER.
New Canaan, Conn.

(*Continued on page* 52)

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FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF WOMEN

Ask any woman how she feels about McCall's, what the magazine means to her. You'll discover quickly why more women buy McCall's than any other magazine in the world. McCall's circulation base of 8 million is larger than Life (7,000,000), Look (7,000,000), or the Post (6,500,000).

McCALL'S: FIRST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN—FIRST IN CIRCULATION—FIRST IN ADVERTISING.

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U. S. TELEVISION ABROAD:

By JOHN TEBBEL

LONDON.

WHILE the debate over television's role in American culture is being argued on the playing fields of Washington, the entrepreneurs of the prerecorded small screen are quietly building themselves an international industry. With tape and film they have introduced the American wasteland, if indeed it is, into the programming of every country that has any television at all, and they are anticipating the needs of emerging nations that do not yet enjoy this blessing of civilization.

In little more than a half-dozen years, international television sales abroad have reached a total of more than $25 million. The center of the new industry is London, where the three major American networks and several producing organizations have sales offices busily selling United States television in Europe and on other continents.

London is the center for European, African, and Near Eastern distribution, but the networks and other distributors also have salesmen in Toronto, Mexico City (covering Central and South America), and Sydney, Australia, which is presently the distributing point for Asia.

There are sound business reasons for this expansion, which has only begun. One reason is the startling fact, little known outside the trade, that during this year the total of television sets owned outside the United States will surpass the American total. By the end of 1962, we will have fifty million sets; the remainder of the world will have fifty-three million, and this is one gap not likely to be closed. It will, in fact, tend to widen steadily as time goes on. As one might expect, the United Kingdom has more receivers, twelve million, than any other foreign country, but West Germany can boast four million in its rapidly expanding economy, while Italy has nearly three million and the Scandinavian countries nearly two million.

There is a tough competitive scramble to reach this juicy market. Of the American networks, NBC was first to realize and exploit the situation, and consequently has an impressive head start on the others as a supplier of television film. CBS has proceeded more cautiously, but it easily ranks second in sales, while ABC, a relative newcomer to the struggle, is third. Then there are the several large non-network suppliers: Revue (MCA), Screen Gems (Columbia), Ziv (United Artists), ITC (Independent Television Corporation of England, formerly an American-British company but now wholly British owned), Desilu Productions, Warner Brothers, and Four Star. The BBC, too, is active all over the world; many of its shows are seen on American networks, who do not, however, distribute them through their international divisions. These strong competitors—producers and distributors—have one thing in common: they are big and getting bigger.

There is now some American television on every service in Europe, and it will be seen on the newest group of small TV services, just going on the air this summer in Sierra Leone, Kenya, and Gibraltar. For TV has become a status symbol. If a new nation wants status these days among the developing countries, it must first have an airline and then a television service, which will undoubtedly run at a substantial loss. In most of these countries, advertising revenue will be sought immediately to help offset the expense. The new African nations carry commercials on their services, as do some in the Middle East, but old established Western European countries like the Netherlands, Belgium, and France, along with some in Scandinavia, permit no commercialism.

The chief usefulness of television in every country is propaganda: it gives the government a means for communicating instantly with the people. While such usage does little for the quality of programming, it justifies a cost which few of these nations would otherwise consider worth meeting.

In spite of government propaganda, however, television remains an entertainment medium. This is particularly true in Britain, where the decision in 1955 to introduce commercial TV opened the way for American companies to establish their new industry. It was, in some ways, a painful introduction, accomplished through the Independent Television Act of 1954, which created the Independent Television Authority and ended the BBC's twenty-seven-year monopoly. This act was pushed through Parliament by a determined group of Conservative backbench MPs, who later were accused of highpowered pressure tactics on behalf of the "commercial interests," meaning industry and advertising agencies.

Having been created, the new Authority found itself confronted with the formidable task of filling the air in competition with the BBC's established programs. Fortunately for it, at about this time American television began to be available on film, especially the high-rating Western shows and crime thrillers in the usual thirteen-week and twenty-six-week series. This was exactly the kind of fare the Authority needed to create and reach the mass audience it believed was waiting in Britain. There were complicated questions of clearing rights to be solved, but the American networks were only too willing to help solve them, and on September 22, 1955, the new Authority put its first telecast on the air from a London station. By the end of last year, 95 per cent of Britain's population was within reach of ITA's operating stations.

Skeptics on both sides of the Atlantic who predicted that Britons would not like or understand American television films proved to be profoundly wrong. To experienced observers this was hardly surprising because the viewers were only looking at a condensation of something already thoroughly familiar to them, the American motion picture. Hollywood, in fact, has conditioned the whole world to easy acceptance of the rival medium. When the BBC, countering ITA's success, imported the Perry Como show on film, British intellectuals protested in the press and even in Parliament, but BBC audiences plainly enjoyed not only Como but the familiar motion picture and stage personalities who were his guests.

As America's TV film salesmen moved from Britain to the Continent,

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BIG NEW BUSINESS

they had to deal at once with the language barrier. Again the movies had broken trail, because American motion pictures had long been dubbed in French and other languages, besides employing English subtitles. Soon our TV films were being brought directly to France and dubbed there, although not without difficulties. "Lip synching," as dubbing is called, is a long and tedious process, and sometimes the French simply don't bother.

Not surprisingly, General De Gaulle has taken an austere view of dubbing. He believes French television ought to be French made, and there is a quota on American film coming into France. Quotas, in fact, exist nearly everywhere. In Britain, the independent companies have agreed on a quota of 14 per cent of total time for foreign film. The BBC, making its own rules, has a quota of 9 per cent. In Gibraltar, Kenya, and Sierra Leone, the quotas will be 50 per cent for the British, because that is the audience; 25 per cent from other countries, and 25 per cent live.

The West Germans have been exceptionally hospitable to the American film salesmen, and are already the second largest consumer. They can easily afford to buy the foreign product because of their substantial advertising revenue. After some early frostiness, the Bonn government has become much more receptive, and audiences have long been getting the benefits of expert German dubbing.

Germans have always loved the old-fashioned Western melodrama in books and motion pictures, and they love it no less on television film. This passion they share with the people of every country. Television sales executives say the most popular show in the world today is "Bonanza," which is telecast by every nation that has a TV service. The obvious reason for the Western's enormous popularity is the perfect escape it offers to an anxious world. Some television experts say the particular success of "Bonanza" rises from the fact there is no mother in the cast, thus offering a comprehensive psychological outlet to both men and women.

The pattern of popularity is almost exactly the same abroad as it is in America. Escape is the universal need. Dramatic suspense shows follow Westerns, succeeded by crime and mystery stories. Exact ratings, however, are virtually impossible to determine anywhere except in the United Kingdom, the only place which has ratings as we know them. Other countries make spot checks at the discretion of the program board or the buyer, but the resulting judgments are unavoidably subjective. Most boards and buyers display some sense of responsibility and try to maintain relatively high standards. American ratings mean nothing to the foreign buyer, however. He is always certain his audience is different—although he is likely to be uninformed about working-class preferences, because he so often judges his programming by talking to viewers who share his own interests.

In any case, the foreign buyers know they must depend on America for Westerns and crime stories. "We can do good dramatic shows of our own," says one, "but we cannot duplicate your gangsters and your cowboys and Indians."

THUS FAR, the tremendous supply of American film has guaranteed that the flow of business goes from West to East, but already there are indications that television film selling is not going to remain a one-way transatlantic street. There is increasing activity, most of it in Britain at the moment, directed toward developing shows for international export. Contrary to popular opinion, this summer's miracle of world-wide satellite transmission is not expected to alter present patterns. Most experts believe satellite TV will be used for spot news—what Europeans call "actualities." There is no foreseeable reason to use satellite transmission in place of far cheaper tape and film, particularly when time differences make live programming so difficult.

The reverse flow of international business is presently two pronged. One comprises the work of television producers who are making international shows, like the Inspector Maigret series based on Georges Simenon's novels, which is a British venture, and one-shot shows like the Jo Stafford special produced by Britain's ITC. The other prong is the formation of international producing companies like Intertel, conceived by Associated Rediffusion in Britain and involving Canada, Australia, and the United States as partners. Intertel's plan is to produce shows in all these countries and then circulate the product among themselves—a kind of television Common Market. This enterprise has been in business about a year and has already turned out "Decline of an Empire," made in Britain by an American producer; and a Canadian documentary, "Living With a Giant," about Canadian-American relations. TV's cooperative move to market an international product parallels the joint movie-making enterprises of Italian, French, British, and American producers.

Musical shows still offer a stumbling block to international television producers, because of the difficulties involved in clearing music rights and the legal tangles presented by personalities who are under contract to appear in participating countries. In the news field, by contrast, all countries draw on each other's resources, and television news is daily becoming more international.

International business is also branching out to include American participation in the ownership and management of foreign stations. Thus NBC has become a partner of the Nigerian government in setting up a new television chain. The network has sent key executives and technicians to assist in starting the service and to help maintain it for the next five years, during which time they will train Nigerians to take over the entire operation. Along with these developments, inevitably, an international advertising business is growing, based on such world-wide accounts as Coca-Cola and Lever Bros. Performers, too, are beginning to think in terms of international audiences.

American television, having saturated time and priced itself to the top in this country, is on the way to conquering the Western Atlantic nations and Africa. Tomorrow, no doubt, the world.

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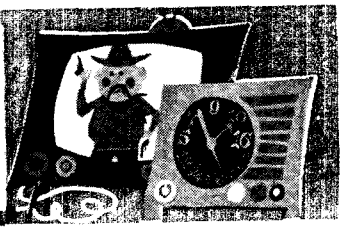
Audio/Video



Which Filter Travels Democracy Best?

By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

I REGARD with amusement the claims rival cigarette manufacturers make regarding the alleged superiority of their filters. Nevertheless, I concede the reasonableness, for smokers, of those television commercials which urge the filter test. Verify, by all means; make the pragmatic comparison; experiment.

The advice is no less wise when applied to politics—specifically Section 315 of the Federal Communications Act, known as the "equal-time" provision. Congress currently has before it a choice of concepts that affect the future of this highly controversial rule governing the procedure by which candidates for public office may present their rival claims to the electorate on radio and television. Concept No. 1 holds that the candidates themselves shall act as their own filters, separating the smoke from the tar in the communications that travel from them to the voter during political campaigns. Concept No. 2 urges that the electronic journalists, "self-disciplined," and having matured "under our traditions of freedom," be judged the most responsible and effective filter available to travel democracy further.

The first concept was advanced by the Freedom of Communications Subcommittee (Senate Commerce Committee) in a recent report of how radio and television stations handled the 1960 elections. Senators Yarborough (D-Texas), McGee (D-Wyoming), and Scott (R-Pennsylvania) were the three members of this subcommittee (referred to among broadcasters as the "Senate Watchdog Committee"). The second concept is generally held by broadcast licensees, network officials, and editorial spokesmen for the broadcasting industry.

The Senate subcommittee was appointed in 1960, when the equal-time provision of Section 315 was suspended for the period of the national election, with respect to the candidates for President and Vice-President. The subcommittee was instructed to make a complete study of how the broadcasters presented the candidates and the news to the public. The purpose of the study was to guide Congress in determining whether Section 315 should continue to be modified for future elections or even permanently amended.

Broadcasters forcefully advocate the permanent suspension of the equal-time provision. The law now requires that if a station provides time to one candidate for a particular office, it must also provide equal time to all other legally qualified candidates for that office. Broadcasters have always held this requirement to be an impairment of their service during a campaign; for, rather than give free time to all candidates (including those they judge to be unimportant), they often decide not to grant free time to any of the candidates.

Opportunity to televise the Kennedy-Nixon debates was the lever that moved Congress to suspend the provision in 1960. The Senate subcommittee, in its investigations after the election, compared scripts of broadcasts reporting candidates' major speeches with the actual texts of the speeches. They examined complaints by candidates of unfair treatment by network newscasts. Quantitatively, at least, they found the scales were balanced in most cases. Qualitatively, they deferred making any judgment as a group. Finally, after holding public hearings, the subcommittee recommended that the 1962 elections be studied.

Most of these elections, they argued, will be two-candidate affairs, and this will permit television-radio debates without violating Section 315 or imposing hardship on the licensees. The subcommittee worried particularly about possible abuse at the local level, where "a blackout of political personalities and controversial ideas is maintained by newspapers. . . ." Under the umbrella of editorial judgment by broadcasters, the Senators feared, "the process of selectivity can black out a Congressional or Senatorial candidate."

In short, a case has not been made, said the subcommittee, for full repeal of Section 315. The 1960 picture was not comprehensive: the suspension became effective after the national conventions of the two parties. Prior performances of networks and stations had

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ILLUSTRIOUS TEACHERS AND STAR PUPILS

The names in the first column are those of the notable mentors of equally (or more) famous personalities (some of them mythical) listed in the second column. Betty Eckgren of Los Angeles, California, asks you to indicate who instructed whom. School is out on page 55.

1. Roger-Ascham	( ) Alexander the Great
2. Mentor	( ) Thomas Jefferson
3. Socrates	( ) King Alfred the Great
4. René Descartes	( ) Plato
5. Duhan de Jandun	( ) Erasmus
6. Aristotle	( ) Charlemagne
7. John Skelton	( ) Queen Elizabeth I
8. Lucius Annaeus Seneca	( ) St. Thomas Aquinas
9. Plato	( ) Queen Christina of Sweden
10. Chiron	( ) Peter Lombard
11. Albertus Magnus	( ) Telemachus
12. Alcuin	( ) Frederick the Great
13. Silenus	( ) Emperor Nero
14. Pierre Abelard	( ) King Arthur
15. Thomas Linacre	( ) Bacchus
16. William of Champeaux	( ) Aristotle
17. Merlin	( ) Marc Chagall
18. Leon Bakst	( ) Achilles
19. William Small	( ) King Henry VIII
20. John Asser	( ) Pierre Abelard

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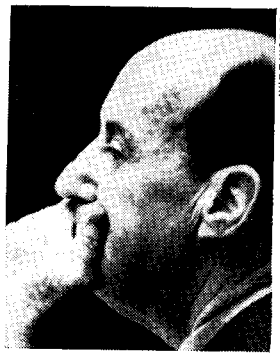
not been tested. A Presidential election is different from one in an off-year like 1962. The Senators were concerned [illegible]ut the trend in radio toward cutting [illegible]n discussion and news programs and limiting political availabilities merely to spot announcements. The subcommittee had some reservations, too, about the wisdom of permitting the licensees to judge the format and content of political programs. "The interposition of the licensee between the candidate and the public does not mean that the licensee is to act as a filter, substituting his judgment for that of the candidate as to what the American people want to know."

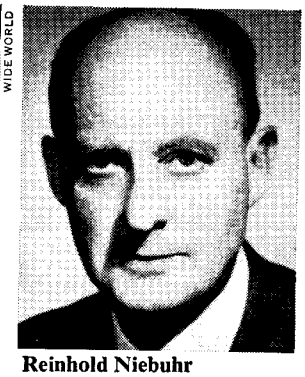
The broadcasters, on the other hand, don't care for the candidate filter. Give the candidates their heads, the broadcasters assert, and they will avoid honest debates; they will choose set speeches and their own productions; they will use the time as their campaign managers and TV advisers see fit. The Senate subcommittee report asks, in effect—why not? "A very substantial part of the public's acceptance of a candidate rests on the public's concept of the candidate's judgment . . . oft times best expressed in his . . . judgment as to . . . tactics and strategy. . . . The exercise of editorial judgment by licensees can very easily be used by [illegible]n in political programming to direct a political campaign the way they think the campaign ought to go."

The rival claimants agree on the importance of political campaign broadcasting. But each urges upon us his particular brand of filter. More recently, Senator Scott, one of the three subcommittee members, is reported to have changed his position after "reflection." Now he favors amending Section 315 this year to lift equal-time restrictions in House, Senate, and perhaps Governor races. President Kennedy's Commission on Campaign Costs has advised suspension again for the 1964 Presidential campaign. The Senate is considering various bills which seek to resolve the dilemma.

Broadcasters, sensing possible victory, are pushing hard for repeal of all restrictions before the next election. They want their freedom, and they say they will behave responsibly. The Senate report said: "They who test the public response and rate programs accordingly for entertainment value or the sale of commercial products may not be the best judge to analyze the citizen's quest for information or his [illegible]e for political controversy."

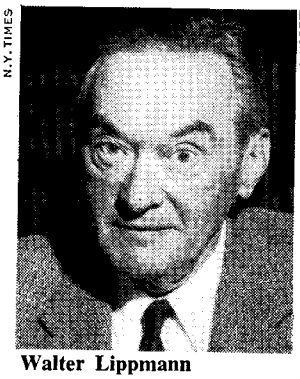
[illegible]etween two filters, I hesitate. Like the sociologist, I conclude: "More research is needed." I am in no hurry to smoke more and enjoy it less. Why not wait until after the fall elections and see what new evidence turns up?


WIDE WORLD
Adlai Stevenson


Reinhold Niebuhr

Jerome D. Frank

N.Y. TIMES
James Reston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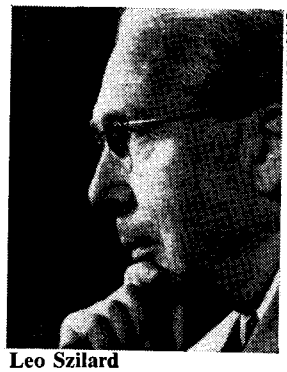
Walter Lippmann

WIDE WORLD
Samuel B. Gould

WIDE WORLD
David Riesman

Roger Fisher


WIDE WORLD
Leo Szilard

Nine leading Americans explain to Young Adults the alternatives to "Red or Dead"

In the current Redbook Magazine, nine outstanding Americans address themselves to the crucial question of our time: *Are We Powerless to Prevent War?* The scope of their replies, the sometimes startling suggestions offered by these knowledgeable men, are sure to provide the basis for widespread discussion. It's a good start toward answering the plaintive query, "What can I, as an individual, do about war and peace?"

Today's questions are tougher than yesterday's. The details of day-to-day existence have been overshadowed by the very fact of existence itself. Redbook's editors respect this change and treat it in the most meaningful way they know —with the ideas and the attitudes of leading Americans in every field. And our readers join in, in lively debate. It happens every month.

This respect for the literacy and purposefulness of its readers has made Redbook the most popular magazine with Young Adult families. Its circulation is one of the fastest growing around. And advertising keeps apace, climbing at a rate rarely exceeded by others. Redbook, in fact, is the only major magazine to register 9 straight years of advertising linage gains.

REDBOOK
The Magazine for Young Adults

REDBOOK—The Magazine for Young Adults—Circulation Base: 3,600,000 effective August, 1962. 230 Park Ave., New York, N.Y., MU 6-4600—and Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco

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THE MAN WHO "SHOT" LEE

By MARGARET R. WEISS

NOT MANY months after Robert E. Lee had settled in Lexington, Virginia, as president of Washington College, a slight, dark young man arrived in town. Unprepossessing and diffident as he might have seemed, there was no equivocation as to his aims. Michael Miley knew exactly what he wanted: a photographic studio of his own, and a chance to document in pictures the person he regarded as "the greatest man who ever lived," General Lee.

That both of these ambitions were fulfilled is a matter of record. For more than a half century, Miley operated his studio in Rockbridge County, leaving behind fifty-two huge boxes of negatives that document not only his personal hero, but two generations of life in the Shenandoah Valley from Reconstruction days to the close of World War I. Now owned by the Virginia Historical Society and housed in the Virginia State Library in Richmond, the Miley Collection contains 15,000 negatives, of which more than 100 are concerned with Lee, his family, his homes, his letters and documents, and his statues and memorials.

During the war years as an infantryman in the Stonewall Brigade, Miley had no contact with Lee, except as a symbol of the cause for which the South was fighting. Nor had he as yet learned the basic elements of photography. Field photojournalism for the Confederate side remained the purview of such men as George Cook, A. D. Lytle, and Edwin McPherson. And, of course, the famous pictures of Lee's surrender at Appomattox were made by the Union photojournalist Mathew Brady and his colleagues.

There is evidence in Miley's files to show that he was familiar with Brady's work. Enough, in fact, to invite speculation that it may even have been "Mr. Lincoln's photographer" who inspired the young Civil War veteran's interest in the new art—the art which was, in turn, to earn him the title of "General Lee's photographer."

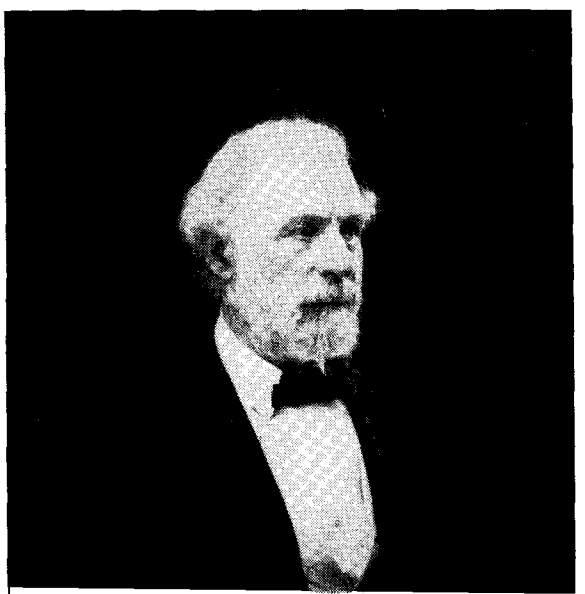
In that capacity, Miley was able to make an important contribution to history and communications. The firm friendship which developed between the photographer and his favorite subject gradually succeeded in breaking down Lee's natural reticence and dislike of public attention. It was at the General's own invitation that Miley photographed members of the Lee family as well as a number of his military aides and associates. The friends Lee brought to Miley's studio included Jefferson Davis and Generals Beauregard and Breckinridge.

But the reminiscences Lee shared with Miley during sittings were not those of his war experiences. He preferred discussing early childhood memories, the local scene, details of family history. And this, too, is reflected in Miley's sensitized glassplates recording the Washington, Custis, and Lee ancestral portraits (Mrs. Lee was Martha Washington's great-granddaughter), old daguerreotypes, family documents, and coat-of-arms and genealogical tree.

After Lee's death in 1870, Miley devoted most of his camera work to campus functions and functionaries. At Washington and Lee University and Virginia Military Institute, the yearbooks, student and faculty pictures, and portraits of visitors and townspeople kept his studio busy—with time off only for shooting nature studies and landscape scenes of the valley region he loved.

Miley had realized his two youthful ambitions. But his inventive genius spurred him to new ones. Experimenting on his own with primitive equip-

The Saddest Face in History—the last picture of Lee taken at Lexington shortly before his death.



(Above) Mess kit used during the Civil W

(Below) Lee as General of the Confe erate Army, 1862-63—Miley here pr served the work of another photogra-

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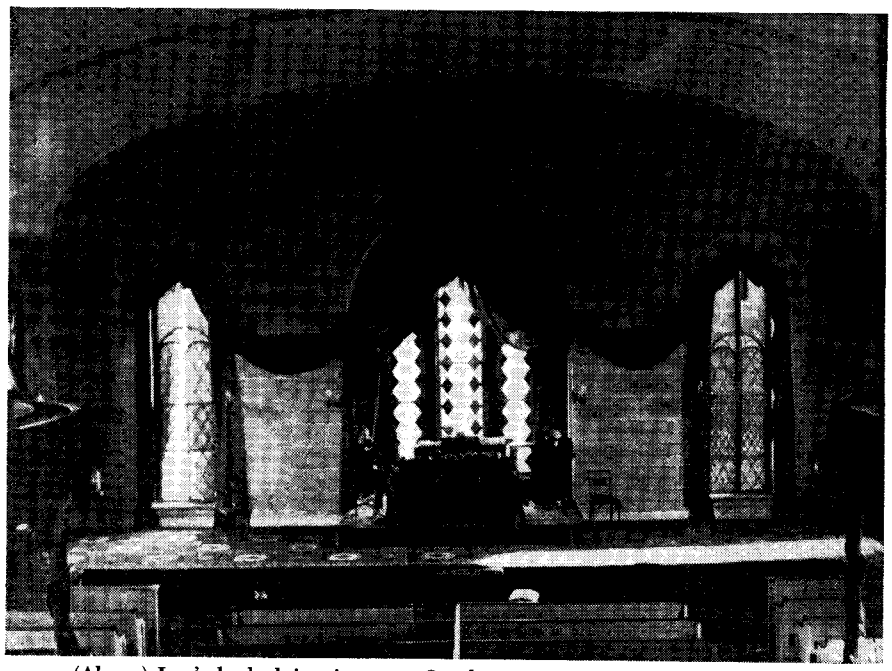
Lee on his favorite mount, Traveller—most popular of all Miley photos, this was made at the General's request in the garden of his Washington College residence in 1868. It was the only time Lee asked to be photographed in uniform; he wanted this picture with Traveller to be "just as we went through the four years of war together."

ment, he devised an original method of making dry plates—the invention that was to revolutionize photography. And later, in the 1890s, he was able to produce some of the earliest color photographs by his own process. Though he held a patent on this carbon-transfer process for sixteen years before his death in 1918, he consistently refused to exploit his discovery commercially, fearing his standards of quality craftsmanship might suffer because of mass production.

The Miley Collection, one of the largest and finest in America, serves to document those standards as it brings into focus a heroic Confederate figure and an epoch of history.



him in the eyes of the world.

DEATH OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

It is our sad duty to make the mournful announcement that General Lee died at his home in this place this morning at half past 9 o'clock.

(Above) Lee's body lying in state, October 14-15, 1870—students guarded the casket in Washington College chapel for the days preceding burial. (Left) Obituary editorial in Virginia *Gazette*. ". . . Tens of thousands today all over the land weep, but not with the poignant grief of us who from position are of the very household of sorrow."

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The Hidden Sell

By PETER BART, *Advertising Columnist of the New York Times.*

A FEW years back there was a considerable furor over the development of a supposedly revolutionary new selling technique—subliminal advertising.

By using the "subliminal sell," it was said, a manufacturer could advertise his wares without the consumer's realizing what was actually going on. This was to be accomplished by flashing images on a screen with such great speed that the viewer wasn't consciously aware of what he was seeing.

Although subliminal advertising attracted national publicity, it never was put into practice for two reasons. First, few advertising men thought it would work. And, second, in view of the public uproar, none of the media wanted any part of it. Thus, before long, the subliminal ad men moved into other fields, and consumers banished from their minds any fears of the "hidden sell."

In fact, however, the "hidden sell" has remained very much with us, though not in subliminal form; and in recent years, a wide array of new techniques has come into being to promote goods and services without the consumer's being aware that he is watching "a pitch."

Two main factors spurred the development of these techniques. In the first place, the cost of advertising—both real and relative to sales—has soared in recent years. The average manufacturer today receives only $70 in sales for each dollar invested in advertising, compared with $100 in 1947.

Second, the volume of advertising has increased so sharply that consumers have built up a defense mechanism to sales messages. A number of important advertisers in recent months have expressed the fear that the consumer has, to a degree, become desensitized in regard to advertising. Since, according to some studies, the typical man-in-the-street is subjected to about 1,600 advertising messages a day, such a defense mechanism would not be surprising.

IN VIEW of these circumstances, advertisers have become more and more interested in finding new ways to reach the consumer (1) less expensively and (2) when his sales resistance is down. One of the noteworthy devices they have come up with revolves around the use of "documentary" films for television. A company spends a few thousand dollars to produce a film dealing with some aspect of its activities. The films are then distributed to television stations around the country f use free-of-charge. Although most these "documentaries" are libera sprinkled with plugs for cor products or services, they are without an explanation of their orig

Thus, for a nominal investment, company may attain $100,000 worth television time.

The films vary widely in length a content. The Wallace Laboratories vision of Carter Products, Inc., example, produced one film ostensil dealing with drug research. It scarcely four seconds old, howev before it mentions the company na and delves into a discussion of Cap a new drug that "safely and effective reduces high blood pressure." Says t announcer: "At Wallace Laboratori researchers tested hundreds of co pounds before they developed this n drug which acts in a unique way the central nervous system." Desp this rather blatant sales pitch, the fi was shown by dozens of TV statio around the country as a part of ne programs.

Some advertisers, to be sure, subtler about their aims. Hundreds stations around the country ha shown a film produced by Goodye Tire & Rubber Company dealing w a speed test of custom cars on t Utah salt flats. There is no men the Goodyear name, but the c is incessantly focusing on Goodye tires (the name is clearly visible). A everyone in sight seems to we shirts bearing the Goodyear name a symbol.

OTHER films of this genre inclu "A Visit with Betty Crocker" (produc by General Mills), "Introduction to Champion" (a thirteen-minute demo stration of Delta Air Lines's new jet produced, naturally, by Delta), a "The Romance of Cheese" (produc predictably, by Kraft Foods).

Why do the stations use them? F one thing, many stations in smal cities have no budgets for documenta type films and are delighted to free material. But even in New Y such films are in evidence. Says spokesman for Channel 11 (WPIX "We are the biggest outlet in N York for public relations films—b they must be timely and entertainin

The "free film" business has gain considerably now that the netwo are cracking down on the more blat and traditional free-plug methods. one time it was almost the cus thing for comedians to drop na products (not on their sponsor list) return for straight remuneration. No although this practice has diminish performers still plug their own albu

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and books and other enterprises with astonishing bluntness.

In commenting on the proliferation of free plugs on the "Tonight Show" (NBC-TV), *Advertising Age* said recently: "A sponsor, paying up to $12,000 for one minute of a commercial on the telecast, might be excused for wondering if he might not get more TV time for his money if he went into a joint business venture with one of the performers on the show."

A device similar to the television "free film" has penetrated the book world. A number of important advertisers have taken to "sponsoring" books—mainly paperbacks—that plug their products. The paperbacks are sold at regular prices. But, nonetheless, they contain commercials aplenty.

American Machine & Foundry, for example, joined with Pocket Books in publishing "The A.M.F. Guide to Natural Bowling." The book contains a variety of plugs for A.M.F. bowling accessories. The same goes for "The Kodak Camera Guide" (Eastman Kodak), "The Betty Crocker Cook Book" (General Mills), "Little Lulu and her Magic Tricks" (Kleenex, which uses Little Lulu in its advertising), and "The Dennison Party Guide" (Dennison Manufacturing Company, maker of party games).

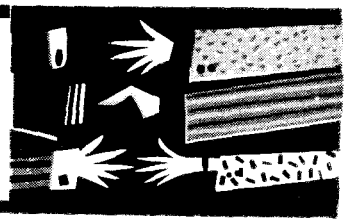
Neither children nor household pets spared this soft-sell approach. For the kids, there is "Gordon's Jet Flight." American Airlines contributed to the publication of this volume and, predictably, all of the illustrations are of American Airlines planes. For the canine crowd there is "Puppy and Dog Care" sponsored by Gaines Dog Food.

Arrangements for these books vary. In some cases the "sponsor" and publisher share publishing costs; in others the sponsor merely agrees to buy a certain number of books, thus guaranteeing a good sale.

The practice has not as yet moved into the hard-cover field. But one publisher noted that the day might come when, say, Coca-Cola might "sponsor" a novel on condition that all the characters swig the drink with frequency.

To be sure, these devices cannot be termed a threat to public taste or morality. But they are symptomatic of a trend that will doubtless increase in coming years. More and more advertisers, it is clear, are going to look for ways to get "free" mentions and free exposure. And more will be looking for methods of reaching the consumer at moments when he is not expecting a sales pitch. In accomplishing these ends, advertising will continue to intrude more and more into areas heretofore relatively untainted by commercialism. The "sell" won't be subliminal; but it will be subtle.

Public Relations



How the National Safety Council Does It

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

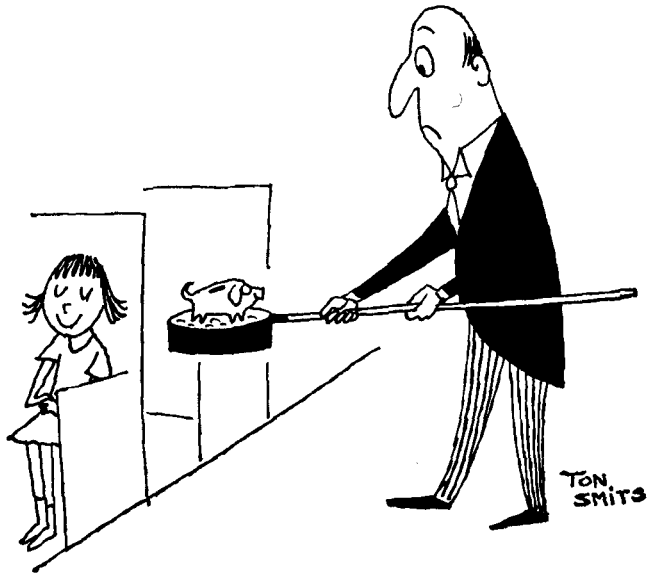
ALTHOUGH there are no satisfactory figures on the number of people working in public relations—informed guesses range all the way from 50,000 to 100,000—it is fairly obvious that this is one of the fastest-growing fields in the nation. Much of its growth since World War II has, of course, been in the commercial sector, but an increasingly large part has also been in the nonprofit, nongovernmental sector. Today, in fact, this latter has become one of the most rapidly expanding areas in public relations.

Even more than in commercial public relations, however, the quality of personnel here is uneven. In some cases, there are first-class practitioners; in others, the practitioners are among the weakest in the business, men and women with very little in the way of competence. The reason, too, is pretty much the same as in commercial public relations—lack of understanding on the part of management as to what skills are necessary in this relatively new occupation. Add to this basic reason a corollary—lack of a standard for measuring performance.

But regardless of the quality of its personnel, nonprofit, nongovernmental public relations continues to grow. Today it is hard to find an important foundation, health agency, college, or other institution, whether it seeks funds from the general public or not, that doesn't have a public-relations staff. The American Cancer Society, the National Foundation, the National Tuberculosis Association, CARE, the International Rescue Committee, and a host of others spend sizable sums on public relations. In addition, many organizations of this type are not only set up with specialists in all media, but they use outside counsel as well.

In most cases involving both the organizations that have to raise funds and those that do not, very little attention is paid to public relations "posture." But what the organizations do want and demand of their public relations departments is publicity. Many commercial public relations practitioners who have never closely observed the operations of nonprofit organizations think that it is easy for them to get space or time in all media—and it is true that they have greater acceptability with the mass media than do commercial concerns. But they must compete both against other nonprofit organizations and also with what a newspaper, magazine, or television or radio station carries in news and features. The fact that an organization represents a good cause does not in itself open media doors.

It is worth taking a look at a top nonprofit, nongovernmental organization—the National Safety Council—to see how it operates. Now forty-nine years old and devoted to the prevention of accidents of all kinds, this organization does not ask the general public for



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funds. Also, it is so well publicized that it does not even clip straight news or feature stories and does not retain any service to check on the number of radio and television spots used or mentions made.

The use of a clipping service for news and features would be far too expensive, so plentiful are the mentions of the National Safety Council. It does, however, use a clipping service to collect editorials on safety. The extent of such coverage is illustrated by the fact that in 1961 there were more than 5,000 editorials mentioning the National Safety Council.

The entire public relations, or rather "public information," staff, as the NSC prefers the department to be called, is located in its Chicago headquarters. There are no branch offices, and no outside public relations agency is retained. It has, however, a Public Information Committee, made up of volunteer specialists who are major figures in the communications field.

The National Safety Council with an over-all budget of $5.5 million has a public information budget of $202,000. This is less than three and a half per cent, a low budget as these things go in the nonprofit field.

Of this public information budget, some $70,000 goes to the Advertising Council for production and distribution of print advertisements and television spot films of various lengths. The creative work, of course, is done by a volunteer advertising agency, and handled by a volunteer coordinator, as happens in all Advertising Council cooperative campaigns. This volunteer service has worked for the National Safety Council for sixteen years.

The Outdoor Advertising Association of America produces twenty-four-sheet as well as three-sheet outdoor posters, and the OAAA also distributes other outdoor materials produced by the Advertising Council for the NSC.

The public-information staff of the National Safety Council consists of only ten people, but it is made up of specialists with long media experience and is much better off than a number of other similar organizations whose information staffs have had little, and in many cases, no media experience. The NSC information staff is divided into a news department, a radio-TV department, and a special projects department.

Since by no means all the nonprofit, nongovernmental organizations have as well-run information departments as does the National Safety Council, nor do most of them get the results this small staff does, its case is well worth study by those who like to see how effective work can be done at a relatively low cost.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 42

WHAT STATISTICS DO YOU READ?

UNFORTUNATELY I have never previously expressed my delight with the Communications Supplement of *Saturday Review*.

I say unfortunately because I am now compelled to ask: Exactly how many daily newspapers are there in the United States? On page fifty [*SR*, June 9], the figure is given as 1,768; on page sixty, in a book review quoting "Memoirs of a Maverick Publisher," the number is given as 1,769.

The existence of these conflicting figures naturally brings up the question of which page of *SR* one is to believe. Perhaps a poll of the readers on which page they believed is in order. May I suggest Elmo Roper and Associates?

JOHN MICHAEL STROUP.
Fredericktown, Mo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The latest figures from the American Newspaper Publishers' Association show 1,745 English-speaking daily papers now being published in the United States. The figure 1,768 used in the June issue on page fifty includes foreign-language dailies in the U.S. The discrepancy with David Stern's figure is a matter of date of compilation. The number grows smaller all the time.*

SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT

YOUR ARTICLES on communications have immense social significance. Perhaps the rise in the number of FM stations, of the number of small art-movie theatres, and of small community forums is documenting a hopeful trend back toward community solidarity.

Communications is a two-way process. Industrial societies everywhere have, sooner or later, shown a popular need to *react* to the words, ideas, and impressions coming from the mass media. A new hope for men living in these complex, hierarchical societies would be a small instrument attached to the radio or TV which would register an opinion or make a suggestion.

Democratic values might be preserved by allowing a man, sitting in his living room, to participate in his community—

or his culture. (It—the instrume might even help lower the suicide rate ... fragmented urban areas!)

The question of how to preserve our democratic myth and our sanity—and keep our specialization as well—would be well approached through communications studies.

RICHARD D. JONES,
Department of Anthropology,
University of Arizona.
Tucson, Arizona

GRATITUDE EXPRESSED

MY CONGRATULATIONS on your very accurate and informative article, "FM: A New Trend Toward Quality" [*SR*, May 12].

Several of our affiliates—who rarely call us for anything except money—have already expressed gratitude that a consumer magazine has finally published an authoritative article on this often overlooked medium.

JAMES SONDHEIM,
President,
The QXR Network.
New York, N.Y.

RADIO'S AMAZING COMEBACK

I READ WITH INTEREST your editorial "The Amazing Comeback of Radio" [*SR*, May 12]. The growth of radio in the TV is indeed noteworthy, but I believe direction of this growth has meaning far beyond the struggle for the advertising dollar.

At KMOX Radio, during the past six years, we have gradually increased emphasis on information programs, until two of every three broadcast hours are now devoted to programming of this nature. A typical day might feature a discussion of the economic plight of small towns; a surgeon describing low-temperature anesthesia; and commentary by a marriage counselor on the effect of suburban living on marital fidelity.

Audience increases of 9 to 300 per cent have been registered in each quarter hour in which conventional programming was replaced by information features. This increased audience has, of course, attracted new categories of advertisers and resulted in increased revenue. This program evolution has taken place, not on a station aiming at an intellectual elite minority audience, but one serving the mass audience of a major Midwest market.

What conclusions can be drawn from our experience, now being shared at other stations across the nation that have adopted our format? Inescapably, we must conclude that the "ordinary" listener is not so ordinary at all, but eager and able to comprehend the complex issues of [illegible] day.

We must further conclude that to keep pace with the new mass audience, media must challenge the mind as well as the vitals. What was once shunned by broadcasters as economically impractical has

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become economically essential . . . a trend that speaks well for the democratic ideal.

ROBERT HYLAND,
Vice President and
General Manager,
KMOX.

St. Louis, Mo.

CRITERIA—AND THE CLICHE

DESPITE MR. JOHN H. COLBURN and his associates [*SR*, June 9], our newspapers fail us, not for lack of accuracy or integrity, but for lack of leadership toward the solution of our problems in a most critical hour. Our newspapers are caught in the deep ruts of status quo thinking and writing, meeting the challenges of tomorrow's world with yesterday's tired clichés.

Consider Communism's sudden interest in the world's landless peasants, when Russia ignominiously failed to attract the machine-age workers, while our newspapers chased a red dentist up one column and down another. In all the United States not one newspaper to my knowledge demanded that we develop a sound posture toward the coming peasant revolution. When a Castro inevitably appeared, we were armed only with the defeatist language of half a century earlier. Name any great problem of our times and name one newspaper with the wisdom and courage to help guide us toward the solution. That failure is the tragedy of our newspapers.

FRANK A. SIEVERMAN.
Fayette, Ala.

WHAT DOES THE PUBLIC BELIEVE?

AS A STUDENT of general semantics, and an ex-reporter and copyreader, may I comment briefly on the Tebbel-Schaleben articles re "What News Does the Public Believe?" [*SR*, Mar. 10 and May 12].

News is data gathered in a hurry, against deadline tensions and the pressures of reality. It is presented under space restrictions, and must compete for attention with advertising. It is thus incomplete information, of limited credibility, whether in print or on TV or radio.

I am concerned with improving the *quality* of our *perception* and communicating abilities.

THEODORE R. ADAMS.
San Diego, Calif.

MISPLACED INVECTIVE?

THE DREAM HOUSE built by Eric Hodgins in "Pollster's Point of View: The Believability Survey" [*SR*, June 9] collapsed under the weight of its own invective when the writer put the Milwaukee *Journal*'s Arville Schaleben to work getting out a "Final Late Night Extra."

It just proves that Hodgins should stick to magazines, which he apparently knows something about, and let Schaleben write about newspapers, which for a long time he has known a great deal about.

CHARLES D. TRELEVEN,
Associate Editor,
United Feature Syndicate.
New York, N.Y.

TOO MUCH PROTEST

MILWAUKEE JOURNAL ME Arville Schaleben, *et al.*, doth protest too much, me-

". . . As Others See Us"

Saturday Review introduced some time ago a department on the communications media. Occasionally it contains some interesting material. That is true of the current issue [*SR*, June 9]. But it is both good and bad.

On the good side there is an article by John Colburn, managing editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, on what makes a good newspaper. It is based on a study, by a committee of the Associated Press Managing Editors Association, setting forth criteria for what makes a good newspaper, and designed to enable the reader to have standards by which to judge the quality of a newspaper. The two, the article and the criteria chart, are well done and valuable. They establish high standards, and contrary to what many readers may think, a pretty good percentage of American newspapers do all they can to maintain such standards and many of them come commendably close, and when they fail it is for many reasons increasingly difficult to control.

Most of the rest of this *Saturday Review* department is concerned with lesser matters and consists mostly of bickering among radio, television, and newspaper men over the respective faults of each medium. This has been largely the result of polls taken on public response to the different media. There is in the arguments much bias, prejudice, and lack of pertinent documentation. The polls are not broken down into showing what kinds of people are represented in the polls, among readers and viewers. Without this the whole business takes on an immature, inaccurate childishness.

There is, further, much talk about monopoly and irresponsibility. And nowhere did we find any reference to that cliché about "Johnny Can't Read," and anyone knows that it is easier to "read" a picture than a column of type, though the intelligent reader will get far more out of the column of type. Also, the truly intelligent reader is not likely to subject himself to the more loathsome type of commercials.

But all this aside, what matters is that all media should have high standards and hold to them as nearly as possible. They also should have a mutual respect and not descend to the petty bickering referred to above. This has nothing to do with a newspaper criticism of television entertainment, for it comes in the same category as legitimate criticism in all areas of professional entertainment, such as cinema, theatre, books, and music. It is not a matter of rivalry or competition, but a public service, when competently done.

Perhaps *Saturday Review* would do well to think of these things in its own department and indulge in some gentle reproof to those who use its pages for pettiness instead of constructive purpose.

Editorial from the
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thinks. Were they not completely awake in 1947 when the Commission on Freedom of the Press published, through the University of Chicago Press, "A Free and Responsible Press," the appearance of which was "enough to frighten the 'free press' into a fury intended to conceal terror"? Were they still drowsy in 1953, when Fairplay Publishers issued George Marion's "Stop the Press!" which discussed "marketable words and images," also known as "news"? How can they be awakened from pleasant slumber—sans symptoms of paranoia?

LLOYD WILKIE,
AM, 1956 (Journalism),
University of Missouri.
Yellow Springs, O.

THE PROTEST CONTINUES

THE SURVEY as to the relative credibility of different communications media may have provided the Television Information Office with the information it desired, but it certainly does not offer a worthwhile guide as to the general public attitude on the question.

(1) It is very probable that the majority of television devotees read newspapers, if any, that are of low quality. (There are newspapers as to whose credibility I am highly skeptical, whether or not I know of any conflicting statements elsewhere.)

(2) Television news is in capsule form, so that the hazard of unintentional misstatements is reduced to a minimum. It is easy for a television reporter to say, "A plane crash occurred today at XYZ Airport, and claimed fifty lives." However, when a newspaper lists the names of the victims, there are fifty places for errors to occur.

(3) Television has the advantage of being able to let us see with our own eyes some aspects of news events. If these views conflict with printed statements elsewhere, we naturally believe what we see (sometimes mistakenly perhaps), but this has nothing to do with the relative *integrity* of television reporters and newspaper editors.

A survey that would interest me is one regarding the significance of opinion polls in general, including the question, "Do you think that such polls give a true, complete, and fair picture of public thinking on complicated and controversial questions?"

E. D. WILLIAMS.
New York, N.Y.

THREE DECADES LATE

RE "Double-Decker Theatre," Hollis Alpert, [*SR*, June 9], I disagree. It has taken *very long* "for the twin-theatre idea to be emulated." Backward Baltimore had twin, pickaback theatres as far back as 1929 when I first saw them. They were still there in 1955: The Century and Valencia. The lower theatre is big, and the upper small. I assume the upper one is called "intimate" these days.

ROLAND C. GALLMAN.
Hollywood, Calif.

One Against the Many

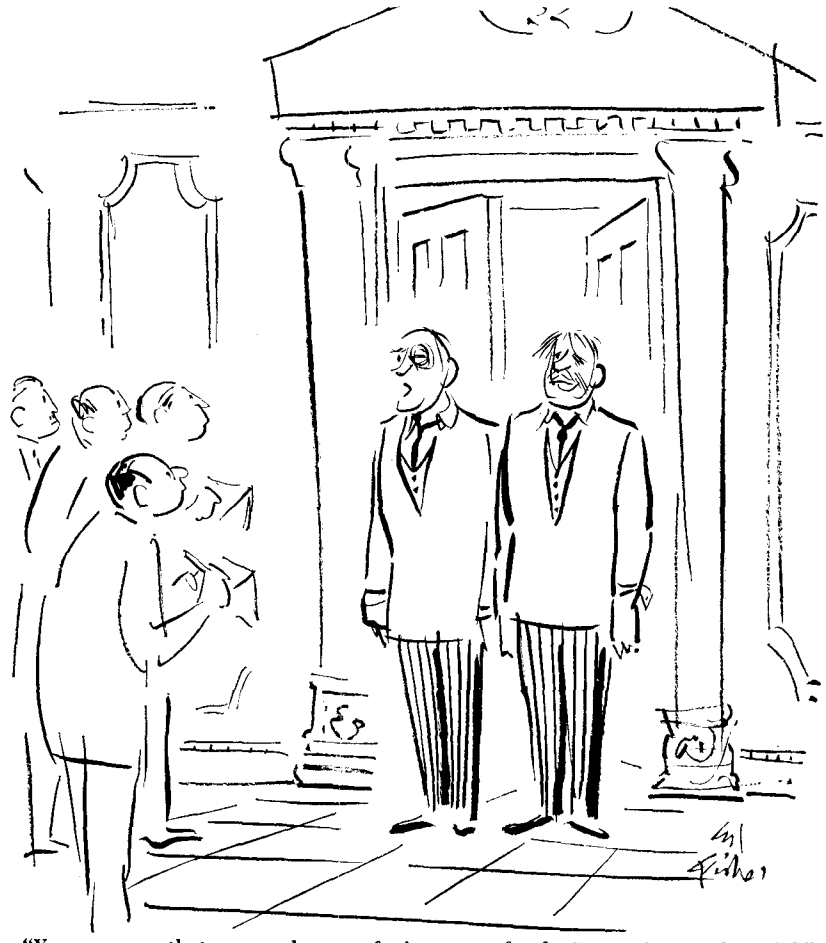
Continued from page 11

an end when, and only when, the absolutists renounce their determination to make the world over in a single image, only when they accept a pluralistic destiny for mankind. The ideologists talk a great deal about peaceful competition. But, like all absolutists, they refuse—indeed, flee from—competition in the field where it really counts, that is, the competition of ideas.

You can go to New York or London or Paris and buy *Pravda* and *Izvestia* and Communist journals from the world over. But you cannot buy in Moscow any publications from democratic countries, except those put out by the local Communist parties. Not only is the New York *Times* forbidden but the Manchester *Guardian*, not only *Figaro* but *Le Monde*, not only the *National Review* but *L'Express* and the *New Statesman*. The works of Marx and Lenin are available everywhere in the West; the works of Mill, of Keynes, of Churchill, of William James, of nearly all the major social and philosophic thinkers of the West, are unobtainable in Moscow. After half a century of total intellectual control—after half a century of formidable construction and grow —the Soviet Union is still afraid expose Communist ideas to competiti and challenge.

It is even afraid to tell the about its own past. As an historian sometimes feel that you can tell much about a nation by the history writes as by the history it makes. half century after the Russian Revo tion, Russian historians are still not fr to set down what really happened. T Communists appear recently to ha abandoned their attempt to suggest th Trotsky in 1917 was an agent in t pay of Allen Dulles. But they are s a long distance from restoring him his proper place in Soviet history.

In January Suslov reaffirmed th total ban on peaceful competition in t realm of ideas. He said that coexisten with democratic social systems w possible but that coexistence with de ocratic ideas was "impossible and u thinkable." It would amount, he sa to Communist ideological disarmame That is an authorized characterizati of the impotence of Communi before non-Communist ideas; and c tainly, so long as the ideologists confessedly afraid of the free flow ideas, even of deviant ideas within th



"You can say that our exchange of views was frank, interesting, and useful."

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vn ideology, like the ideas of Yugo-avia, or Albania, or China, then it is ılikely that relaxation can ever come ı our tormented world. Those who are ɔnvinced they have a monopoly on ' ·uth always feel that they are only vıng the world when they slaughter ıe heretics. Their objective remains at of making the world over in the ıage of their dogmatic ideology. heir goal is a monolithic world, or-ınized on the principle of infallibility infallibility of a single creed, a single ırty, and a single leader. I would say at the only certainty in an absolute ·stem is the certainty of absolute ɔuse. Injustice and criminality are in-ɔrent in a system of totalitarian dic-torship. The fact that one dictator lmits the crimes of his predecessor is ɔt enough to assure future justice.

The goal of free men is quite differ-ıt. Free men know many truths, but ey doubt whether any mortal man ıows The Truth. They share the skep-ɔism of Mr. Dooley, the American ımorist, who once defined a fanatic "a man who does what he thinks ' Lord wud do if He only knew th' cts in th' case." Their religious and eir intellectual heritage join in lead-g them to suspect fellow men who y claim to infallibility. They believe at there is no greater delusion than r man to mistake himself for God.

agree with Lincoln, who wrote: ·ıen are not flattered by being shown at there has been a difference of pur-ɔse between the Almighty and them. ɔ deny it, however . . . is to deny at there is a God governing the ɔrld."

Free men accept the limitations of e human intellect and the infirmity the human spirit. The distinctive ıman triumph, in their judgment, lies the capacity to understand the frailty human striving but to strive none-eless. Freedom, as Brandeis said, is e great developer; it is both the eans employed and the end attained. ·eedom implies humility, not absolut-n; it implies not the tyranny of the ıe but the tolerance of the many. gainst the monolithic world, free men firm the pluralistic world. Against the ɔrld of coercion, let us affirm the ɔrld of choice.

Let us remain faithful to our values— t us respect the values of others—let unite with all those determined to sist the encroachments of fanaticism d absolutism.

The world of choice is the world ıich tests the will and fulfills the g of man. That is the world in ıich India and America both believe ıd to which both are dedicated. And is this world which represents the obability of history as well as the ırpose of humanity.

Loveman Award

Continued from page 29

quite limiting. I prefer being a Jack-of-all-books."

During a visit to *SR* Rosenstein discussed some of his peak reading experiences. Hemingway is "the greatest because one can read him on many different levels," Salinger "the best of the postwar writers." He described Fitzgerald's "Tender Is the Night" as "structurally not as fine as 'Gatsby' but deeper and richer and better." . . . "Matthew G. Lewis's 'The Monk' is one of the great novels of the eighteenth century." . . . "Turgenev is the only Russian novelist that I've truly enjoyed." . . . "Oscar Wilde has been an especial favorite ever since I was sixteen. He wears well." . . . "Turnbull's work on Fitzgerald is one of the best biographies I've ever read." . . . "Faulkner suffers from verbal dysentery." . . . "Norman Mailer's work, with the exception of 'The Naked and the Dead,' is a kind of inferiority complex on parade."

What books does he plan to add to his collection during the coming months? Salinger's "Franny and Zooey," "Picasso's Picassos," The "Cantos" of Ezra Pound, the "Collected Writings" of Ambrose Bierce, Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," Maxwell Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," James Baldwin's "Nobody Knows My Name," "The Annotated Alice in Wonderland," Tolstoy's "War and Peace," John Dos Passos's "U.S.A."

Professor Frank Warlow, poet, short story writer, and LaCrosse champion, is responsible for having lit the fuse that launched Rosenstein, as a sophomore, into the book-collecting orbit. One year after studying with Warlow ("the most brilliant man I've ever met"), Rosenstein the reader branched out into editing, first as a staffer, and later as editor of the Dickinson quarterly, *Hornbook*. A year later he took the icy plunge into creative writing. Classically, he now has a bathroom plastered with rejection slips, but is still sufficiently ardent about writing to turn down a job grinding out promotion copy for a news magazine. "I'd rather sweep floors."

Because he has worked as bus boy and elevator operator during summers, we wondered if he had had to sacrifice substantially to finance his library. "Just once: when I bought 'My Brother' by Hemingway's brother instead of a case of beer. . . . I should have bought the beer." —MARY KERSEY HARVEY.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 19, 20, 3, 15, 12, 1, 11, 4, 14, 2, 5, 8, 17, 13, 9, 18, 10, 7, 16.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 55¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 47¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 49¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 51¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 53¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

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(Continued on page 56)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 55)

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VENI, VIDE: next year my boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit the Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer, New Jersey.

VACATIONS

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

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HEART OF GREEN MOUNTAIN National Forest. Fishing, golf, swimming available. $12, American Plan. Families welcome. Flood Brook House, Peru, Vermont.

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(Continued on page 58)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 57)

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1476

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A kind of snuff from Martinique.	17 190 131 21 33 28 200 84
B. The Sanskrit, or Devanagari, alphabet.	22 77 89 173 135 180 182
C. Intensification.	73 144 189 20 34 134 115 201 140 45 82
D. Neutralize; counteract.	126 10 132 27 38 187 56
E. Celestial structures of extreme extension and tenuity, composed of matter in a finely divided or gaseous state.	112 91 19 42 88 103 36
F. Having somewhat the characteristics of a familiar anesthetic.	129 192 100 69 111 145 153 2
G. General feeling of illness or dissatisfaction.	185 40 53 76 128 186 143 30 197
H. Lodging place for young people, students, travelers, etc. (2 wds.).	195 41 133 178 118 149 9 96 47 159 157
I. An Amer. heavyweight champion who retired from the ring undefeated, 1928.	109 12 146 160 62 108
J. Nickname for a well-known personage once considered the richest woman in the world (1834-1916).	193 202 105 113 8
K. In the manner of actually producing a result whose continuance is suggested.	18 67 39 194 199 78 169 64 125 26 198
L. Describing the blazing part of a volcano (comp.).	155 177 167 93 63 49 70
M. Of strange colors (comp.).	24 95 66 50 176 168 121
N. The European pochard; American wild duck allied to the canvasback.	68 154 32 106 51 150 174
O. Repository for certain essential foodstuff.	147 184 5 52 87 117 104
P. Get rid of refuse by means of a broom.	58 156 204 7 102 164 119 92
Q. Furnished with muscles.	14 158 65 148 107 71
R. Familiar way of referring to the race whose world record is twenty seconds, held by American, Davis Sime (comp.).	86 123 59 46 188 179 170 162 23
S. Having water within (said of certain crystals).	80 137 114 6 43 205 16 25 1
T. Nonexistence; utter insignificance.	94 44 99 163 79 31 35 98 207 13 202
U. Unusual word for political unions (Gr. forms).	196 130 122 138 166 61 29 161
V. Said of records partly legendary, partly factual.	11 165 181 139 142 124 74 54 151 97 37 85 15
W. Impregnated.	183 75 60 152 101 171
X. Determine by agreement or litigation the exact amount of (indebtedness or damages).	83 72 175 110 136 90 120 191 3
Y. Ardent and imaginative zeal or interest.	172 81 127 48 206 57 116 55 4 141

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 S	2 F	3 X		4 Y	5 O	6 S	7 P		8 J	9 H	10 D
	11 V	12 I	13 T	14 Q		15 V	16 S	17 A	18 K		19 E	20 C	21 A	22 B		23 R	24 M
25 S	26 K	27 D		28 A	29 U		30 G	31 T		32 N	33 A	34 C	35 T	36 E	37 V		38 D
39 K		40 G	41 H	42 E		43 S	44 T	45 C	46 R		47 H	48 Y	49 L		50 M	51 N	52 O
53 G		54 V	55 Y	56 D		57 Y	58 P		59 R	60 W	61 U	62 I	63 L	64 K	65 Q	66 M	
67 K	68 N	69 F	70 L	71 Q	72 X	73 C		74 V	75 W	76 G	77 B	78 K	79 T	80 S	81 Y	82 C	83 X
84 A		85 V	86 R		87 O	88 E	89 B		90 X	91 E	92 P	93 L	94 T	95 M	96 H		97 V
98 T		99 T	100 F	101 W		102 P	103 E	104 O		105 J	106 N	107 Q	108 I		109 I	110 X	111 F
112 E		113 J	114 S	115 C	116 Y	117 O		118 H	119 P	120 X	121 M	122 U		123 R	124 V	125 K	126 D
	127 Y	128 G	129 F	130 U		131 A	132 D	133 H	134 C	135 B		136 X	137 S		138 U	139 V	140 C
	141 Y	142 V	143 G	144 C	145 F	146 I	147 O		148 Q	149 H	150 N	151 V		152 W	153 F	154 N	155 L
156 P	157 H		158 Q	159 H	160 I	161 U		162 R	163 T	164 P	165 V		166 U	167 L	168 M		169 K
170 R	171 W	172 Y	173 B	174 N		175 X	176 M	177 L	178 H	179 R		180 B		181 V	182 B	183 W	184 O
185 G		186 G	187 D		188 R	189 C	190 A	191 X		192 F	193 J	194 K	195 H		196 U	197 G	198 K
	199 K	200 A	201 C	202 J	203 T		204 P	205 S	206 Y	207 T							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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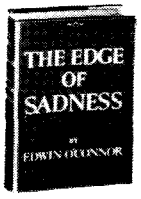

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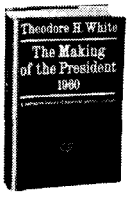

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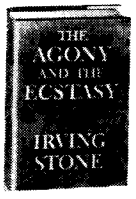

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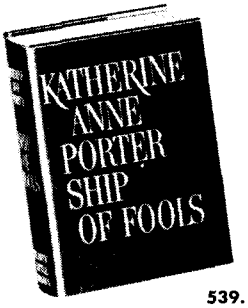

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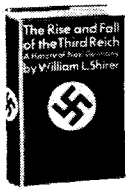

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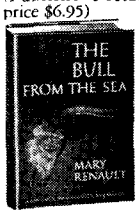

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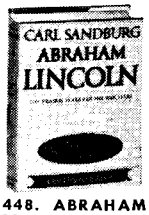

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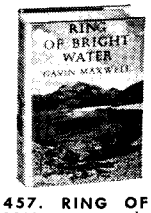

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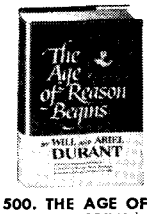

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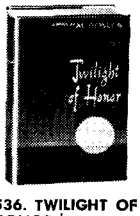

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